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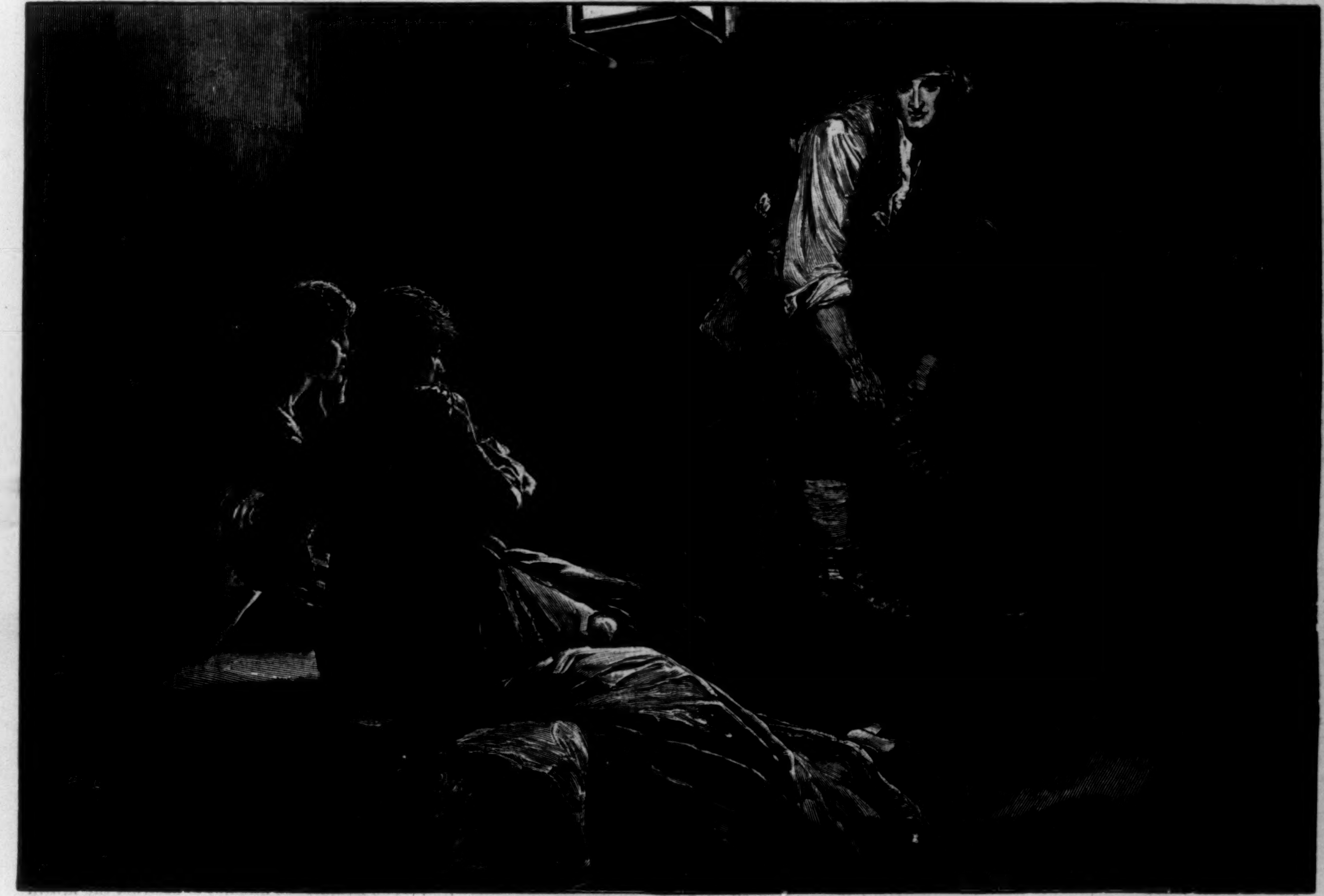

"SO SOON AS THEY SAW ME THEY FELL TO SCREAMING, AND CLUNG TO ONE ANOTHER."

THE ROSE OF PARADISE,*

Being a detailed account of certain adventures that happened to Captain John Mackra, in connection with the famous pirate Edward England, in the year 1720, off the Island of Jehanna, in the Mozambique Channel; writ by himself, and now for the first time published.

By HOWARD PYLE.

VII.—(*Continued.*)

The cruel and bloody fight betwixt the *Cassandra* and the two pirate crafts hath excited so much comment and hath been so considerably discussed that it would be both tedious and unnecessary to here relate more than is absolutely needful for the correct understanding of this veritable narrative, it dealing more directly with another matter, viz, the history of that precious stone the Rose of Paradise. Therefore the following is but a short and bald account of that bloody engagement.

When the sloop full of those cruel and wicked wretches, who in their appearance and conduct resembled devils from hell rather than human beings, had come to within about pistol-shot of us, they hove to, and without further parley delivered a dreadful broadside, whereby two of our men were instantly killed, and two more wounded. To this bloody challenge we immediately answered, and with very good effect, doing much execution upon their crowded decks.

But their design was not to engage us at such a distance, as we very soon perceived, but rather to come aboard of us as soon as they could, for, dropping sail, so that the wind might not interfere with their movements, they ran out great oars from the ports between decks, and began rowing toward us after the fashion of a galleon, being careful to keep broadside on.

However, I had no mind to let them come aboard if I could prevent it, for they outnumbered us three to one.

There was no chance for us to manœuvre in such shoal water and in such close quarters, but I gave orders to fire upon the oars, and not at the pirates on the deck of the sloop. This order was obeyed so punctually and with such good aim by the gunners aboard of the *Cassandra* that the oars upon one side were all broken before the sloop had come half the distance to us; whereupon, her mainsail being down, and the oars all upon the side furthest from us, she lost headway and fell off with the current, and we were able to rake her with a broadside that must have done great execution.

This crippled her for the time, and she drifted away with the current to the northward, so that she was compelled to drop anchor lest she should run aground.

The *Greenwich* and the Ostender had hove to at about a league's distance, wherefore I thought that they intended to come to our assistance. But this they did not do, but left us engaged with our barbarous and inhuman enemies, with their black and bloody flags hanging over us, and with but little appearance of our ever escaping being cut to pieces.

I now bore down upon the other craft, hoping, as she did not appear to be much more heavily armed than the *Cassandra*, that I might disable her, and thus get into the channel and to open water before the sloop had recovered from the effects of our broadside. I ordered all hands to lie down in the waist, and so took the pirate's fire as we came nigh to them without making reply until we had come under her stern. Then we gave them all our starboard broadside, and rounding to, delivered our port broadside, raking them fore and aft.

This wellnigh finished the business for them, for they received more than one shot betwixt wind and water, and could we have given them one more broadside, I verily believe it would have finished the fight so far as they were concerned. But at this juncture the other craft, having hoisted her sail again, and being very well manned, occupied us to such an extent as to enable the bark to keep off a little and to stop her leaks.

Whilst she was about this business the sloop still endeavored to board us, striving with all diligence to come up with us by means of what oars she had left, so that it was only by much ado and great endeavors that we managed to keep her off. But we contrived to make a running fight of it for more than half an hour, though greatly hampered by the narrow sea-room.

At last the other vessel, having repaired her damages, bore down upon us in aid of her consort, for the sloop was very plainly filling rapidly, having heeled over so much to one side that her decks were greatly exposed to our fire.

It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon, and in all that long time we had been engaged with and under the fire of first the one and then the other of our enemies. Most of the officers and men upon the quarter-deck were either killed or wounded, so that when I beheld this craft, crowded with naked howling wretches thirsting for our blood, come bearing down upon us, and when I beheld that there was little or no hope of Captain Kirby's coming to our assistance, I could see no other chance for our safety than to run the *Cassandra* ashore, and so escape as best we could. This we endeavored to do, and though we drew four feet more water than the pirate, it pleased God that she stuck fast upon higher ground, so that they were again prevented from boarding us. Here we fought last, and I know not whether it was not the bloodiest engagement of that whole day, nor can I sufficiently praise the behavior, not only of the officers, but of the men, who even in this extremity fought with the most extraordinary courage, though the crew of the sloop, which had been run

[*Continued on page* 474.]

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1590.

"The children never seem to tire of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Month after month it is in constant demand, among the older as well as younger ones."—*The Living Church.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Fourth of July number, issued June 28, contains

"GRANDFATHER WATTS'S PRIVATE 'FOURTH,'"
A Poem,
BY H. C. BUNNER,
AUTHOR OF "AIRS FROM ARCADY," "THE MIDGE," ETC.

The poem is accompanied by a capital drawing by W. A. ROGERS.
The principal story is entitled

PHIL BRUNTREY'S FIREWORKS,
BY JOHN HABBERTON,
AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES," ETC.

"Lawn-Tennis for Young Players" is the title of an excellent article, of a practical character, by JAMES DWIGHT, *who not only stands in the first rank as a player, but is the author of the best work extant on the game of lawn-tennis.*

The principal illustration in this number is a Fourth of July subject,

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED,
DRAWN BY P. S. NEWELL.

Other interesting contributions are "The Old-fashioned 'Fourth,'" by MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *and "The Reign of Fishes," by* SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

THE celebration of the Queen's Jubilee in London was evidently one of the most impressive pageants ever seen in England. It was unmarred by serious accident. The weather was perfect, the ceremonial imposing and splendid, and the immense popular enthusiasm was more striking than all else. The Queen herself, according to all the accounts, was the satisfactory chief figure of so stately a scene. Her serene composure and womanly dignity gave a royal grace to her presence and movement, which was perhaps the more striking from her plain attire. On such an occasion, however, which was the highest possible ceremony of state, it was naturally felt that her Majesty's self, who is but a ceremony, should have appeared to be altogether the Queen. It was the day of the Queen, not of the woman, and all the insignia of royalty, the crown and the robes, would have been the fitting culmination of the spectacle. If the other official dignitaries had worn plain clothes the effect would have been ludicrous. In such a pageant the Queen is only an official dignitary, and the same sense of propriety which led her to wear the ribbon of the Garter might well have caused her to wear the royal robes.

This, however, was a ceremonial detail which was forgotten in the magnificence and grandeur of the whole scene. It is impossible to escape in the various reports a sense of sincerity in all the symbolic pomp. There was plainly a heartiness of feeling, a genuine pride and affection of Englishmen for England, which gave the occasion a reality which makes it very significant. What country, indeed, has a nobler history? or what people have traditions more inspiring? There is a great deal of cheap sneering at England, and certainly we have had opportunities to know her occasional insolence, injustice, and hostility. But would the daughter, of whom Mr. LOW in New York spoke so worthily and well, exchange her lineage and descent for any other in Christendom?

There was one thought which could not be excluded in reflecting upon the Jubilee, and upon the marvellous changes of the half-century during which the Queen has worn the crown. It is this, that she is Queen of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and yet that at the very moment of the great ceremonial the feeling of Ireland toward the English connection is more bitterly hostile than ever. Every allowance may be made for the mere demagogism of agitation, and the severest condemnation may be justly uttered of the detestable teachings which justify wholesale murder under the plea of a state of war. The "offensive foreignism" which the Chicago *Times* plainly describes and denounces in this country, the effort to make our politics turn upon the English policy in Ireland, and the contemptible servility of American politicians to the Irish vote, may all be conceded. But the fact remains that of the Queen's three kingdoms one is bitterly alienated when her Jubilee occurs, and raises a voice of cursing instead of blessing. That this is wholly the fault of Ireland no student of history can aver. That no existing law weighs more heavily upon Ireland than upon the other kingdoms, if it be true, does not dispose of the situation. It is to be regretted that while so much has been done during the Victorian reign to alleviate Irish suffering, English statesmanship has not yet penetrated the secret of discontent and found the way of peace in that country. But the demonstrated affection for the Queen, the joyous English pride in England, the unquestionable loyalty to English institutions and forms of liberty, and the supreme good sense of the great race from which America has mainly sprung, all justify the belief that the problem is not hopeless, and the anticipation that it will be happily solved.

THE SILVER LINING OF THE CLOUD.

THE incident of "the rebel flags" has had one excellent result. It has shown the extreme difficulty of reopening the sectional issue, and has revealed the good sense of the people and the press in the Southern States. The tone of everything that has been said there upon the subject certainly compares favorably with the hysterical outbursts of many men and papers in the Northern States. The order itself was unwise, because it was not in harmony with public sentiment in this part of the Union; and it was an error, because the question of the disposition of the flags should be decided by Congress. But the attempt to show that the order showed the secret sympathy of the President with rebellion and a disposition to pander to disloyalty, or that the incident had any significance whatever except that of a desire to confirm existing good feeling, has totally failed. General DRUM and Secretary ENDICOTT and President CLEVELAND are as earnest patriots and were quite as sincere Union men as General BUTLER, for instance, who sneers at the President, but whose fidelity to the Union and good service in the field were both unquestionable. The incident has revealed not only the good sense of "the New South," but the good sense of what Governor AMES, of Massachusetts, aptly calls "the New North."

The uproar was largely factitious and political, and was intended to arouse the old sectional jealousy, stinging one section to angry retorts, and the other to renewed animosity. But this game has failed utterly. The sterling patriotic feeling in the old Union States has not responded to the antics of partisan politicians, but while seeing the mistake of the Administration, it has suspected neither treachery to the government nor any motive that is not just and fair, while the remarks of Governors LEE, of Virginia, and GORDON, of Georgia, and of the Southern press generally, have proved that public feeling in the Southern States is not to be goaded into expressions of hostility or insult to the Union and the flag. The very extravagance of much of the talk in the Northern Republican press showed to what extremity it had been reduced to find effective cries against the Administration, and the whole incident betrays the wish to try another campaign upon the line of sectional antipathy and the war tradition. Happily the "New North" of Governor AMES, the whole body of new voters in this part of the Union, would be generally unaffected by such an appeal. What the young men of the Northern States see and hear as they look Southward is not a vast slave-holding interest cherishing hatred of the Union, and ripening Southern sentiment for civil war, or a Southern army arrayed against the government to dissolve the Union and found a slave empire, but a body of equal citizens in a free Union, with slavery abolished, war at an end, industry and trade prosperously revived, loyalty, fidelity, and good feeling, with but one difficult problem left from slavery unsolved.

This is what they see, and the effort to stir in their breasts the passions that swayed their fathers twenty-five and thirty years ago is a despicable partisan trick, which is necessarily and fortunately abortive. The real feeling of the New North, composed both of the young men to whom the war is a tradition and of older men who were an integral part of the triumphant uprising for union and liberty, was well expressed by Senator SHERMAN at Nashville—not at Springfield:

> "It is over, thank God, but the courage, bravery, and fortitude of both sides are now the pride and heritage of us all. Think not that I come here to reproach any man for the part he took in that fight, or to revive in the heart of any one the triumphs of victory or the pangs of defeat. I do not come to make apologies—nor to ask any of you. The war was perhaps unavoidable, bound to come some time, and the sooner perhaps the better."

It was confirmed by Senator HOAR at the dinner in Boston to the ROBERT E. LEE camp of Confederate veterans:

> "We have learned respect for each other. You have learned something of the Puritan. You have discovered that there was courage in the steadfast breast which confronted yours, and generosity in the stout heart where there was no room for resentment when the strife was over....We too have learned to know as we never knew before the quality of the noble Southern stock: what courage in war; what attachment to home and State; what capacity for great affection and generous emotion; what aptness for command; above all, what constancy—that virtue beyond all virtues, without which no people can long be either great or free."

These are the words of Republican statesmen. They express the sentiments of old, original, patriotic Republicans, and announce the spirit which the united people of this country will henceforth require in the national administration. That Mr. SHERMAN should have recoiled from his own words is exceedingly unfortunate. But the truth and the feeling that he expressed remain, and every Bourbon attempt, under any pretence, to carry the country backward to old differences and obsolete bitterness of hostility will inevitably fail.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS AND REFORM.

THE Republican Legislature in Massachusetts, by a vote of 21 to 9 in the Senate and of 158 to 37 in the House, has passed a bill exempting honorably discharged soldiers and sailors from examination for appointment in the civil service. This is the bill that Governor ROBINSON vetoed last year in an admirable and conclusive message. Governor AMES has signed it, but evidently with hesitation, and he thought fit to authorize a statement from the Executive Chamber to deprecate public condemnation of his approval. The bill, as the Republican organs admitted while it was still pending, is a practical repeal of the law. It creates a privileged class for the civil service, and a privilege not based upon proved fitness, and at the same time effectually excludes from the service much the larger part of the very class which it assumes to favor. It is a bill to benefit the ex-soldiers and sailors whom party bosses wish to reward for personal services to them, and naturally all others, however specially competent they might be, would refrain from presenting themselves as applicants. The purpose of the bill is not to aid and honor veterans, but to weaken the law and injure the reformed system under pretence of honoring the soldiers and sailors.

In his veto message last year of substantially the same bill Governor ROBINSON said:

> "Facts have been brought to my knowledge which assure me that spoilsmen are waiting in hope that this bill may become a law, and their unworthy schemes then become possible. No amount or vigor of profession of gratitude or devotion to the veterans ought to avail to conceal their artful purposes, and it is no violent assumption that after such practices have been inaugurated, worthy men of all parties, soldiers and civilians, will condemn the removal of the safeguards which now protect the merit system, and guarantee the veteran the enjoyment of the preference given to him."

Governor ROBINSON knew very well that the use of the veterans' name was a mere trick, and that the object was to baffle reform. Governor AMES and the Legislature have nevertheless yielded, and with their submission they have surrendered the claim of the Republican party to be the party of reform. If civil service reform is not the policy of Massachusetts Republicans, it is certainly not the party policy. The subterfuge that the exemption bill is an act of honor to veterans is useless. Governor ROBINSON, as true a Republican friend of the veterans as any man in the country, was not deceived by it, and no other intelligent man will be.

The Republican Governor and Legislature of Massachusetts betray the good cause just as it becomes stronger in the public mind. The course of the national Administration has brought the question home to all intelligent citizens everywhere in the country, and while the abuses are more evident and familiar at certain points, the principles and the reason of reform are more generally understood and approved than ever before. The familiar sneer at the friends of reform for refusing to vote for that stanch reformer Mr. BLAINE, but supporting the Democratic puppet Mr. CLEVELAND, has suddenly become ludicrously pointless. The Democratic attempt to obstruct the law in the national House of Representatives was baffled by Democrats, and had it reached the Democratic President would have been ended by a veto. The Republican movement to subvert the law in Massachusetts is carried by a great Republican majority and approved by a Republican Governor. This is one of the signs of the times which will not escape the attention of every independent and intelligent citizen who is told that the Republican party is the party of every patriotic, hopeful, and progressive cause. Such an assertion is refuted by the action in Massachusetts.

A VIGILANT MAYOR.

IF any function of the city government in New York is obstructed, Mayor HEWITT will know the reason why. He is a prodigious letter-writer, and his letters are words that stir up official sloth, and cause the whole official family of Barnacle to swear and shudder. He has a very definite idea of the duty of a Mayor to keep the city in order, and to protect the citizens against nuisances and annoyances and dangers of every kind. His veto of the proposition of the Aldermen to abandon the city on one of the hottest days in the year to the devastation and horror of fire-crackers is a very great public service. Here are words of common-sense which may be profitably pondered:

> "Repeated conflagrations and many personal injuries, as well as great annoyance from noise, led to the conclusion that even on the Fourth of July, a day dear to every patriot, the losses and dangers incurred altogether outweighed any evidence of patriotism which might be deduced from the use of fireworks in the thickly inhabited portions of the city. When JOHN ADAMS recommended that Independence Day should be celebrated with bonfires and the firing of cannon he never contemplated the existence of large cities filled with small boys, whose aims were directed rather to the production of noise than the expression of patriotic feeling. I should be the last person to place any impediment in the way of a proper celebration of the anniversary of our national independence; but

> I do not think that the most ardent patriot imagines that the principles of free government are made more precious to the people by exposing the city to the risk of conflagration."

Mayor Hewitt has also the instinct of a highly trained and intelligent public man. His Mayoralty is a signal illustration of the fact, which is so often forgotten, that trained experience in public affairs gives the necessary efficiency to integrity and intelligence. A very interesting paper by Mr. Ivins upon municipal government, in the *Political Science Quarterly* for June, is the work of an expert showing the incongruity and complexity of the present condition of that government. It exposes also, by necessary implication, the inefficiency of any Mayor who without knowledge or training is suddenly transferred to the head of the municipality from pursuits and interests of a wholly different kind. Nor the less does it show the folly of treating such a government as a political agency, in the usual sense of the word. Mayor Hewitt is showing us what a Mayor ought to be and to do even under the conditions which surround a Mayor of New York. Large questions and small interests are equally regarded by him. His prompt attention to the effect of the recent decision of Judge Brown in regard to assisted emigrants is an illustration of his vigilance.

The Mayor's suggestion to the Emigration Commission that they should consult their lawyer upon the subject produced a statement from the president of the Commission that the decision was based upon their opinion that the immigrants in question did not belong to any one of the prohibited classes under the law. The Commission, he says, have no means of knowing whether the law meant to prohibit assisted emigrants, but it certainly does not say so. As the Mayor holds that such was the intention, he will doubtless take means to procure an authoritative interpretation of the law. Such prohibition certainly ought to have been the intention. There is no reason why the United States should consent to be the dumping ground of European lunatics, paupers, anarchists, and criminals of every degree, and as the overseer of the chief port of immigration the Mayor is justly attentive to the question. Such an officer is not agreeable to rascals of any kind or degree, and the Mayor should be made to feel that he is cordially sustained by the good sense and intelligence of the community. The interest in the subject of city government during the last few years is one of the signs of the attention which is now paid to methods of administration, of which the demand for civil service reform is the most familiar illustration. This interest has secured us Mayor Grace and Mayor Hewitt, and that the city and the citizens have greatly gained by the election of such Mayors no man is hardy enough to deny.

THE JUBILEE IN NEW YORK.

The Jubilee celebration in New York was entirely successful. The great throng at the Metropolitan Opera-house in the morning, the enormous crowds in the afternoon at the sports on Staten Island, and the beautiful pyrotechnic display of the evening in the Narrows and upon the Staten Island shore, all showed the general interest, and fortunately the day here, as in London, was unmarked by disturbance.

At the Opera-house the enthusiasm was unbounded, the instrumental and choral music was worthy of the day, and the speeches were remarkably good. Mr. Wiman, the chairman, put the relation of the occasion to this country in a few fitting words, and pointed out the mutual advantage to be derived from the free commercial intercourse of the two English-speaking communities upon this continent, Canada and the United States. Mr. Seth Low, in a glowing address, brief, comprehensive, sympathetic, and compact, felicitously sketched the benign co-operation of mother and daughter in advancing freedom and civilization. He expressed with force and grace the general American feeling, and for the occasion his address was singularly happy. Mr. Cuming, President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, seconded the address to the Queen in a few warm words of honor to the Queen as wife, mother, and widow, and professing himself to be a home-ruler, he hoped that before many years the Queen would open her Parliament on College Green. Mayor Hewitt gladly acknowledged that blood is thicker than water, and paid an earnest tribute to the Queen as the friend of this country in her great contest, and hoped that the Irish trouble would be healed by "the great woman who has preached truth and love and friendship for the fifty years of her reign."

A warm, still, and dark evening supplied all the auspicious conditions for the fireworks which delighted a vast and orderly multitude, and covered the bay with unprecedented splendor. The English Jubilee demonstration in New York was characteristic and satisfactory.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

Mr. W. Bourke Cockran recently wrote a letter charging Postmaster Pearson with deliberately preventing the delivery of Cockran's political circulars just before the election of 1886, adding to the charge the insulting remark that as a Democratic candidate he had perhaps no right to expect any fairer treatment. It is safe to say that not a single reader of the letter believed the Postmaster to have been guilty of the crime flippantly alleged against him.

Mr. Pearson explained the matter promptly, completely, and conclusively. On the eve of the election there is always an immense pressure of political mail matter, and there was a temporary want of proper locks to secure pouches. When the time came to send to branch G a pouch filled with the circulars in question, as there was no lock, the pouch was placed in a canvas sack, and upon its arrival at branch G the sack was opened, and its contents were hastily assumed to be a supply of empty pouches, which are sent in such sacks to the branches. The sack was then reclosed and laid away, and the error was not discovered until the 13th of June, when the sacks were removed, and the pouch was found and its contents examined. The circulars in the pouch were not Mr. Cockran's; they were sent by a Democratic committee, to whose chairman the facts were immediately explained in detail, and who expressed himself entirely satisfied with the explanation. To prevent the recurrence of such an error, orders have been issued that sacks arriving at the branch offices shall be emptied at once.

These are the facts upon which a charge of deliberate suppression of mail matter is brought against the Postmaster. Mr. Cockran says that as a Democratic candidate he had perhaps no right to expect fairer treatment. That is an unfortunate gibe, for it was the Democratic Postmaster-General Amos Kendall who alone in the long list of those officers practically justified tampering with the mails, and that for the purpose of protecting human slavery. There is no doubt that for every accusation of malfeasance of any kind in the New York Post-office a similar conclusive explanation would be made. Neither the Postmaster nor his force are in any sense whatever politicians. Neither Tammany Hall nor any other party organization is permitted to interfere with the conduct of the office. The New York Post-office is administered for the public convenience solely, to the satisfaction of the public, and doubtless for that reason to the dissatisfaction of trading party politicians.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

The letter of our Kentucky correspondent has drawn out many approving responses. An old Democrat from North Carolina writes that he "endorses it heartily," and that such is the general sentiment of his party friends, "the only disaffection being among the illiterate, who are told by unscrupulous politicians that the Democratic Administration brought on the great stringency of the money market, hence the low price of tobacco, cotton, etc., etc., and that the President is alone responsible."

The Democratic opposition to the renomination of the President will not come from the Southern States, but from the Bourbon Democracy in the Northern States, which long controlled the party. If it could succeed in putting aside the man who has been more useful to the party than all its leaders combined since the war, the Bourbon Democracy would discover immediately the precise extent of public confidence in it.

THE PARK AT NEWBURGH.

The city of Newburgh, on the Hudson, has secured the ground for a public park, and the authorities are considering the question of a proper name. They will probably reach a conclusion easily, for the question is happily settled by the fact that one of the most famous sons of Newburgh was Andrew J. Downing, the earliest American authority upon rural art. He was born in Newburgh in 1815, and was lost in the burning of the steamer *Henry Clay* in 1852, but not until he had developed and moulded the taste for landscape gardening in the country.

His own residence in Newburgh was an illustration of his exquisite taste. It was not a large place, but it was so skilfully ordered that every unsightly object was concealed and every natural advantage was improved. The house, of picturesque design, stood in a beautiful garden, and the land, falling rapidly to the river, left an unobstructed prospect of the Hudson, with the graceful Fishkill hills on the eastern shore, and to the south the gate of the Highlands at West Point. It was the scene of modest and refined and most delightful hospitality, and Mr. Downing's intelligence and skill were of the greatest service in laying out and embellishing many of the finest places upon the river, and the public grounds at Washington.

Mr. Downing was the author of the *Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening*, a very valuable work; *Fruit and Fruit Trees of America*, and *Architecture of Country Houses*. He was the earliest advocate of parks in the city of New York, and the editor of the *Horticulturist*, from which journal a collection of delightful "Rural Essays" was published after his death. It was upon a journey to Newport to superintend the erection of one of the earliest and finest of the marine villas there that he was lost. A public park or garden in Newburgh could not bear so fitly any other name than Downing's, and we should hope to see it decorated also with a statue of the son of Newburgh whose renown among Americans is so unique, and whose refined influence is seen in the great and marvellous progress which rural art in this country has made during the last half-century. It is certainly no reflection upon any person to say that no name can be so singularly appropriate for the new enterprise at Newburgh as Downing Park.

MORE LIGHT.

A correspondent writes from Mississippi:

> "'A Correspondent' in your paper of June 11 speaks the mind of the people of Mississippi as well as that of the people of Kentucky when he says that the 'rank and file' of the Democracy of that State endorse Mr. Cleveland's civil service policy. The papers and politicians of this State and those elsewhere that claim to speak for us don't state the truth when contrary to this. This opposition is because most of them are office-seekers, and have failed to 'get in'; they are spoilsmen; the motive power of their support of their party is the hope of office. Many of them are ready for a new party now. Seeing the 'handwriting on the wall,' with such men as Cleveland at the head of the Democratic party, the *Courier-Journal*, which claims, I believe, to be the moulder of we Southern folks' minds on political questions, concedes that the President is sensible and honest. We can't say this about a great many men in high places. What more do we want? If he succeeds in imparting these two qualities of his nature to the Democratic party, it will be better than it has been in a long time. *This* will be a great achievement. If Democracy is not sensible and honest, the 'rank and file' are done with it. We will seek a party that *is* sensible and honest. This opposition, coming from the source it does, and the motive *prima facie*, is making the President many more friends in the South. I think it insures his election in '88."

AN AUTHOR OF "POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE."

Some correspondents in Sumter County, South Carolina, apprise us that "the first in this Union since the unhappy war to proclaim most publicly, independently, and loudly through the press for independent political action is Dr. Alexander McLean, of Sumter County." The doctrine, however, as our correspondents will agree, is not wholly new or modern. John Jay and his friends held to it many years ago. But it is a sound doctrine, and we are glad to know that Dr. McLean proclaimed it early and loudly. It is a doctrine which is now widely reduced to practice, which has decided one Presidential election, and will probably decide another.

A STRAW.

The following letter from "A Union Workman" in Chicago expresses a feeling which strikingly illustrates the actual situation:

> "I have been a reader of Harper's Weekly for about twenty-seven years, and were it not for the big fire in '71 I should have had them all now; as it is, I have them since that time. I am a Republican, was door-tender in the Wigwam, corner of Lake and Market streets, when 'Old Abe' was nominated for President, and I have voted for every Republican President since that time, and, like thousands of other true and well-meaning Republicans, voted for Blaine, because we were afraid to trust a Democrat; but I can assure you, on the honor of a mechanic, that the fear of trusting a Democratic President no longer exists, and that, should the Republican party be foolish enough to again nominate J. G. Blaine, and the Democrats sensible enough to renominate the Man of Destiny, Grover Cleveland, I and many Republican workmen whom I know right here in Chicago would like to vote for Cleveland and Oglesby in 1888."

PERSONAL.

The late President Roswell D. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, was a scholar, a statesman, an orator, a theologian, and a man of affairs. His manuscript lectures on church history were full of interlineations and interpolations representing the result of the latest researches of historians, philologists, physicists, and commentators, so that no two successive classes in the seminary ever heard precisely the same lecture. About fifteen years ago, in a Thanksgiving discourse in the Broadway Tabernacle Church, he discussed the principles and the need of civil service reform, having chosen the subject, he said, "under an impulse that I dare not resist." His deep bass voice, often rasping in its tones, his short pithy sentences, his profound earnestness, and his exact logic, carried his listeners captive. His theological sympathies were with the more liberal exponents of the Presbyterian creeds, but his public expression of them always fell within the orthodox limits. He preferred the professor's chair to the pastor's pulpit, although frequently receiving calls to important churches at salaries much larger than his own. When he said of an unsatisfactory student, "That stove needs cleaning out," the other students expected that it would be cleaned out. Most of the funds that have come to the seminary during his presidency have come through his personal appeals; and one of its largest benefactors, the late Governor E. D. Morgan, was his intimate friend. He was very successful in the investment of his savings, and at one time some of his factory stock returned him an interest of twenty per cent.

—The sale of a Gutenberg Bible for $13,250 at the dispersion of Lord Crawford's library, in London, was not so notable as the cable reports indicate. Two years ago a similar Gutenberg Bible (which is the first book ever printed with movable types) brought nearly $20,000 in the same city. There are only four or five of these Bibles in existence in private hands, and Mr. Brayton Ives, of this city, owns one of them. His copy is an inch wider and an inch and a half longer than the $20,000 one; it is practically uncut, and its margins still show the pin holes left by Gutenberg's press. It was recently exhibited at the Grolier Club, in company with about $100,000 worth of other early printed books owned by Mr. Ives, who at the same time delivered an interesting illustrated lecture on the subject.

—The late President Mark Hopkins taught more classes of young men in college than any other professor, and enjoyed as good health as any of his pupils. Not long ago he said to a correspondent of this journal, who asked the secret of his vigorous octogenarianism, that he never had any inclination to lay down rules of dietary regimen, or any sympathy with those who did. He took his food pretty much as he found it; he had inherited a robust constitution, and he had no fault to find with the Berkshire Hills.

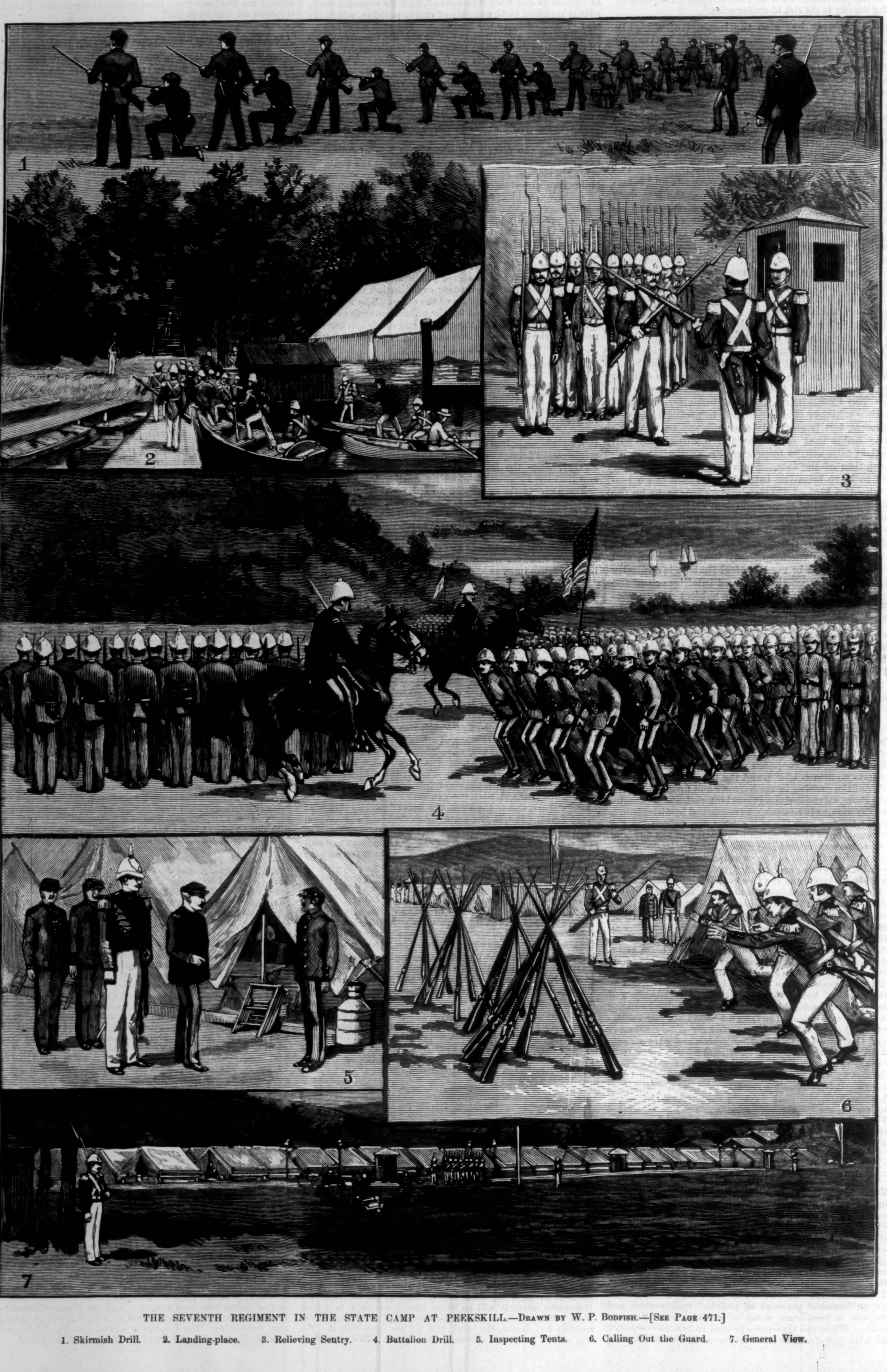
—Mr. Eugene Kelly, the well-known banker, and trustee of the Catholic Cathedral in this city, expresses his pleasure at the prospect of having here a great Protestant Cathedral. "The Episcopalians," he says, "represent respectability, liberality, and sincerity, and in erecting a cathedral they will add to the conservative forces of society. I never heard a Catholic say a word against the proposed cathedral, and I have almost a mind to subscribe to it myself. In fact I would do so if I were not constantly giving money away in small sums and in large ones. I believe that a man should give away at least part of his property while he lives; when he is dead, most of it goes away anyhow."

—Several Chicagoans have headed a movement to raise $100,000 by popular subscription as an addition to the $50,000 appropriated by the Illinois Legislature for the erection of a monument to General Logan in Jackson Park in that city.

—King Kalakaua recently gave a royal banquet in Hawaiian style to the California Masons now visiting the Sandwich Islands. Four tables were spread in his summer palace near Honolulu, and every article of Hawaiian cuisine was represented. The King made a speech, in which he proposed the health of President Cleveland.

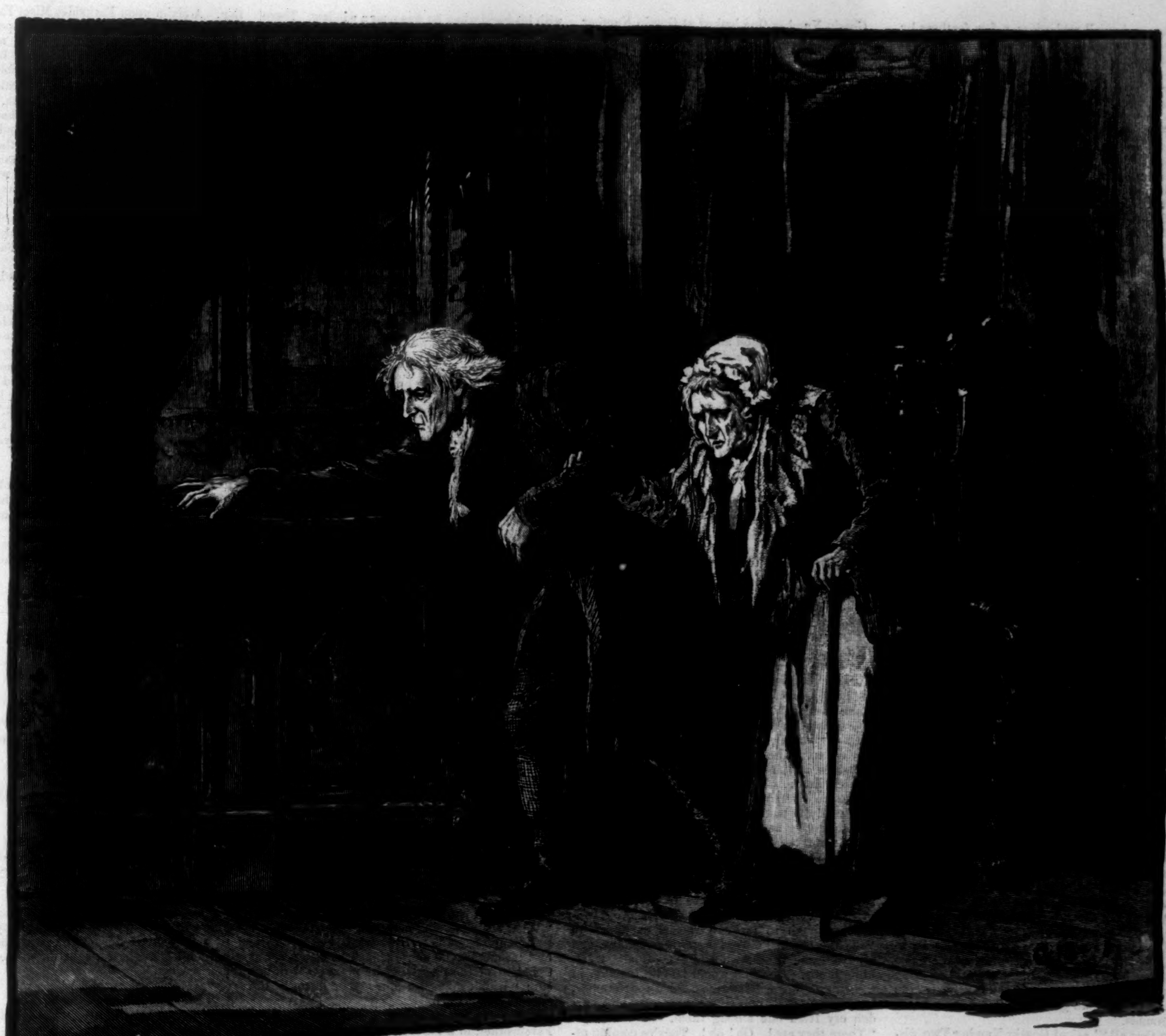
—The Baron Raymond de Sellière, who has just been committed to an insane asylum in France, spent several months in California last summer. He was a conspicuous figure at the fashionable Hotel del Monte at Monterey, where he surprised the gay company assembled by appearing in half a dozen costumes of the most pronounced patterns every day. He was very lavish in expenditures, and seldom carried any coin of less value than a five-dollar gold piece. He even tipped waiters with these gold coins, and the result was that when he appeared at hotel or club there was a wild dash among them to see who should serve him.

—Sarah Winnemucca, known as the Princess of the Piute Indians of Nevada, is now endeavoring to secure aid for building an industrial school on the farm of her brother, Chief Naches, at Lovelock, Nevada. There are about four hundred Indian children in that county who need education, and the Princess Sarah believes in giving them some practical training that will fit them to earn their living. The Princess is a good speaker, and has very sensible ideas on the question of the education of the Indian.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN THE STATE CAMP AT PEEKSKILL.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 471.]

1. Skirmish Drill. 2. Landing-place. 3. Relieving Sentry. 4. Battalion Drill. 5. Inspecting Tents. 6. Calling Out the Guard. 7. General View.



"*Amidst these ancient surroundings, the last of the care-takers moved and starved.*"

MISER FAREBROTHER.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "LONDON'S HEART," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST OF THE CARE-TAKERS.

IN Dropmore Beeches, near Beddington, county of Surrey, stands a red brick mansion, in the Gothic style, known as Parksides. It is situated on the outskirts of an estate of forty acres, comprised of a few acres of cover, and, for the rest, of shrubberies, meadow-land, and a wilderness wood, upon the arrangement of which great care had been bestowed and a vast amount of money expended. This was in the old days, when the house had been occupied by a family of good standing, the heirs of which had resided in it for many generations. Pride was taken in it then, and it was deservedly renowned for its beauty. The country people round about quoted Parksides as a possession which reflected honor upon themselves, and the vicarious distinction was accounted of high value. They had good reasons for being proud of it, and of its masters and mistresses, who were to the fore not only in the county but in the metropolis. The gentlemen fought for King and country, and administered the laws; the ladies dispensed charities and set the fashions; they attended Court, hunted, travelled, and held their heads high, as was their due. But other times, other men. The family that had owned Parksides for centuries slipped out of the ranks—for which they had none but themselves to blame. A strain of foreign blood was introduced by marriage, and the heir born of that union inherited the vices of his mother's family. He ran his course merrily; and after him a spendthrift heir, and after him another, reaped what had been bred and zealously cultivated in the bone. They played the part of absentees, and plunged into the fashionable dissipations of the city—raked, and made matches on the race-courses, rattled the dice-box from night till morning, were always ready for any mad prank, drank deeply, and borrowed at exorbitant interest—until they had thoroughly succeeded in squandering their fortune. It was too late, then, for repentance: Parksides was lost to them and theirs forever. There had been long and complicated law proceedings in connection with the estate, and at the period of the opening of this story it was supposed to be in Chancery—which troubled itself not at all in the matter—and to have no rightful or legal owner. Nevertheless, it was occupied by a man who had earned the name of Miser Farebrother, who paid rent to no one, and was not called upon to do so. It was really doubtful whether any person had authority to demand it; and if a claimant had come forward, his right would have been stubbornly contested by Miser Farebrother, who had papers in his fire-proof safe proving, in some entangled way, that he had advanced money upon the estate which entitled him to possession. The lawyers, for a great number of years, had gathered rich harvests out of Parksides, and after picking its bones clean and involving it in legal complications which the entire learned profession could not have unravelled, had turned their backs upon it and flown to more profitable game. Its fate, long before it fell into the hands of Miser Farebrother, may be described in one word—decay. The wilderness wood, the wild charms of which had been preserved with so much care and skill, was so encumbered with stunted wood growth and overrun with giant weeds that it resembled a miniature Forest of Despair; the shrubberies were wrecks; the meadow-land was thick with tufts of rank grass; and the only part of the estate which had thriven was the cover, in which the rabbits literally swarmed, spreading destruction all around. Not a shilling did Miser Farebrother expend upon the grounds—a proof that he did not regard his rights as absolutely incontestable; for he had a keen eye for the main chance, and money could have been laid out on the land with profit, both in the present and the future. But he was not the man to waste the smallest coin upon a doubtful venture. "Safe and sure" had been his motto all through his life, and from a worldly point of view he had made it pay.

He took possession of Parksides in the dead of night. For at least a dozen years it had been without a tenant, and for many years before that time its only inmates had been the care-takers appointed by the Courts and the lawyers. The last of these care-takers had been a very old man and a very old woman of the name of Barley, who were supposed to have died of starvation in the house. It was said that there were long arrears of wages due to them, which were never paid, because the last shilling of the available funds had been swept away by wig and gown. No one cared to assume responsibility in the matter, and so this old couple were left in possession to do as they pleased. They had come from a distance to enter upon their duties, and nobody in the neighborhood knew anything about them or their antecedents; nor was it known how they came to be appointed. That they were the poorest of the poor was clear: all that they brought with them to Parksides were a stick and a bundle. The old man carried the stick, and the old woman the bundle.

How they subsisted was a mystery. In the autumn they were in the habit of picking up bits of broken branches and carrying them into the house, presumably to serve in lieu of coals when winter came on. Both of them were bent nearly double with old age and rheumatism. Occasionally they would be seen sitting on a log, very close to each other, with a little pile of stones before them, which they shied with weak and trembling hands at a rabbit or a bird, or at shadows which they mistook for living creatures. They never by any chance hit anything they aimed at, and they did not even succeed in frightening the birds or the rabbits, which darted hither and thither and hopped about quite near to them in the most unconcerned fashion. During the latter years of their tenancy one or other of the old people would sometimes be seen, when the weather was fine, creeping out of Parksides and out of Beddington, starting early in the morning and returning late at night. On these occasions it was observed that they carried a parcel, which without further evidence it was decided was something abstracted from the mansion, which they were travelling to a distance to sell, in order to obtain food; and it was also decided that they did not dispose of these articles in the immediate neighborhood of Beddington, lest they should be accused of theft. If this were really the case, the old couple might have dismissed their fears; the difficulty of finding a prosecutor would have been insurmountable; and as to portable property of a sufficiently small size to be tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, there was little enough of that in the mansion. All that was valuable and of easy carriage had long since been seized and sold, lawfully or unlawfully. The ruin of Parksides was not a grand crash, in the thunder of which lightning flashes of old glories made themselves visible; it was a long and mean decline, made up of piecemeal borrowings and bit-by-bit sales; of filchings and small robberies; a few feathers by this sharp rogue, a few feathers by that, from the plumage of the birds that were once the pride of the country. There was certainly plenty of old furniture in the house, which had been allowed to remain, probably because it was heavy and cumbersome and falling to pieces—bedsteads, tables, chairs, benches, and sideboards, quaintly and curiously carved; rich tapestries too, mostly worn to shreds, and rotted by age and neglect, in which old stories had been woven by fair hands. They and the gallant deeds they recorded were now on an equality; the reflected radiance of stately seasons of honorable life and dignified labor was utterly and forever dead, leaving no soul behind; the story was told, and flesh and silk were little better than dust. There were not any pictures in frames in the rooms; but there were paintings on the wall panels, so faded now and colorless that the learning of an antiquary were needed to describe them.

Amidst these ancient surroundings the last of the care-takers, old Mr. and Mrs. Barley, moved and starved. One can imagine them creeping up the wide staircases, and tottering about the rooms, living ghosts, clinging to each other for support (they were both past seventy, and chronically weak from want of proper nourishment), wondering whether they had not reached the dead world upon the brink of which they stood. There came a hard winter, and a fall of snow which lasted intermittently, but pretty steadily, nevertheless, for a full fortnight. It was during this winter that an incident occurred in the career of the last of the care-takers.

Said a gossip to a kindred heart, trudging through the snow at least a hundred yards for the purpose, "My man, coming home from work last night, passed the gates of Parksides."

"He does always, doesn't he?" was the response, evincing in the querist an ungracious spirit, for Gossip Number Two was aware that her neighbor had not walked ankle-deep in the coldest of carpets to impart this information.

"Yes, he does always, when he doesn't go another way."

"What other way?"

"The way of the Hog in the Pound." (For comprehension to uninformed minds, a public-house.)

"That's the way he likes best," observed Gossip Number Two, still with the ungracious spirit upon her.

"*You* needn't boast," said Gossip Number One; "your man leaves half his wages there."

"Yes; worse luck! But what about Parksides?"

"He saw a woman going in."

"Old Mrs. Barley?"

"No; a youngish woman, looking like a beggar, with a boy holding on to her."

"A tramp! The Barleys can't help her—can't help themselves."

"She asked my man whether that was Parksides, and whether a married couple of the name of Barley lived there. 'Lives there!' says my man to her. 'Starves there, would be nearer the truth.' The woman gave a sigh, and passed into the grounds."

"Is that all?" asked Gossip Number Two, disappointed in a story so bare of incident.

"That's all," replied Gossip Number One. "Leastways it's all my man told me."

"It ain't much."

"No, it ain't. But," added Gossip Number One, cheerfully illogical, her temperament being livelier than that of her neighbor, "what can we expect in such weather? Just look how the snow's coming down again!"

This shifting of responsibility from a colorless story to a remarkable storm—which, despite its inconveniences, was interesting because it afforded a sound theme for conversation—somewhat mollified Gossip Number Two, who, accompanied by her visitor, stepped to the window to gaze upon the whirling flakes. They were thick and heavy, and a strong, uncertain wind was lashing them furiously about, this way and that, with a bewildering lack of method which furnished an exception to the indisputable truth that order is nature's first law. The window through which the gossips were looking was in the front room of the cottage, and faced the narrow lane which led to the main road. Along this lane a woman was walking, with a little boy scarcely three years of age tugging at her gown. Presently they reached the cottage, where the woman paused to wipe the snow from her face and eyes. She was very poorly dressed, and belonged evidently to the lower orders.

"Is that her?" asked Gossip Number Two.

"It might be. She's got a little boy with her, and she looks like a beggar. Let's have her in."

Candor compels the admission that it was not an instinct of hospitality or humanity that prompted the suggestion. It was simply curiosity to discover what connection existed between the poor woman and her child and old Mr. and Mrs. Barley.

There was not much to learn. The last of the care-takers were her parents. Having lost her husband, and being at her wits' end how to live, she had tramped a matter of sixty miles to Parksides in the hope that her parents might be able to assist her. Her hope was shattered the moment she saw them. So desperate were their circumstances that she would stop with them only one night, and she was now on her way back to her native town, in which, at all events, she had a claim upon the poor-house. She did not complain. She had been so used to poverty and hardships that she harbored them without a murmur, but she said it was bitter weather, and she did not know how ever she would get home again. While she was telling her tale, sitting by the fireside—for the warmth of which she expressed herself humbly thankful—the little fellow in her lap fell asleep.

"What is his name?"

"Tom—after his poor father," said the woman.

Gossip Number One looked at Gossip Number Two, who nodded, and going to the cupboard, took therefrom a teapot, a tea-caddy, and a loaf of bread. A full kettle was steaming on the hob. As the woman raised her head, her hostess saw tears glistening in her eyes.

"There, there, my dear," she said; "we none of us know what we may come to. A cup of tea 'll warm your inside. And, I declare! it's left off snowing again!"

Half an hour afterward the woman, having thanked her entertainers, resumed her journey, and the gossips stood on the doorstep and gazed at her vanishing form until a turn in the narrow lane hid her from their sight. Comforting food and human sympathy had strengthened her, and she was carrying her child, who, as his mother declared, was almost "dead with sleep." Strange and subtle are the invisible links which connect life with life, and already one was spiritually forged between the slumbering lad and men and women who will play their parts in this story of human love and passion and suffering and desire.

In the ancient decayed house yonder old Mr. and Mrs. Barley were talking in quavering tones of their Jane, who had paid them her last earthly visit.

"She'll marry agin, mother, will our Jane," piped the old man; "she was always a taking lass. It's only yesterday she was in pinafores."

For three years longer the Barleys remained tenants of Parksides, and then departed for another bourne. It was bruited about the neighborhood that they had been found dead in the kitchen, clasped in each other's arms. So little had been seen of them during the last years of their tenancy that but small interest had been taken in them. They troubled nobody, and nobody troubled them. But being dead, the case was different; popular fancy placed them on a pinnacle, and they became distinguished.

"So the Barleys have gone," was said. "Who'll be the next?"

No records are to hand throwing light upon what was done with their bodies; among the uninformed the general belief was that they were not buried, but that they "disappeared." Of course their spirits remained, to the comfort of superstitious souls still in the flesh. There was a talk of "ghosts," and the ball being set rolling, grew apace. The natural consequence was that Parksides acquired the reputation of being a haunted house. The ghosts of the old people were seen by many persons of all ages—who were ready to testify to the same in the witness box—standing at the windows, or moving familiarly about the grounds, or seated on the roof top; always very lovingly arm in arm. Not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had such an enjoyable excitement been furnished, and the superstition caused Parksides to be avoided at night-time. Those who were fearsomely courageous enough to make a special excursion to "see the ghosts" always went in company, and always came back with white faces and trembling limbs. Children would huddle together in a shrinking heap, standing so for a few minutes, and then, startled into active movement by a sudden cry from one among them, would scream: "There they are! Oh! oh! They're coming after us!" and would scamper off as fast as their legs would carry them; until, at a safe distance, they would pause, breathless, to compare notes.

Here was a chance for the imagination, and it ran riot. No speculation was too extravagant.

"Did *you* see them? *I* did! What did they look like? Like what they are, you dunce—ghosts! Old Barley had a nightcap on. So had she. They were all in white. He was smoking a pipe. Did you see the fire coming out of his mouth? He blew it at us. Yes, and when they saw we didn't go away they got up, and grew and grew till they were higher than the trees. Johnny, come home with me to mother. She wouldn't believe *me* when I told her. Oh, didn't they look awful!"

Uninteresting as old Mr. and Mrs. Barley had been during their lifetime, it cannot be denied that their ghosts supplied an entertainment better than any theatre.

CHAPTER II.

MISER FAREBROTHER RECONNOITRES THE GROUND, AND RECEIVES A SHOCK.

THIS condition of affairs favored Miser Farebrother when, in pursuance of a cunningly formed plan, he took possession of the estate. Already he claimed to have a hold upon it, and who had a better right than he to live there rent free? There was a fascination in the prospect. To live rent free! To have a house and land all one's own! There would be a claim for Queen's taxes, perhaps, and rates. Well, he would pay a little —as little as possible. The government receipts would go a long way to strengthen his hold upon the property. The rent of his house in London was ruinous. In so many years he would be so much money in pocket—a fortune. Then he had heard and read that if a man lived in a house for a certain time without paying rent, it became legally and lawfully his own, to sell or do what he liked with. It was a bold step, but the prize was so valuable that he would risk it.

He made two preliminary investigations of the property, and as everything depended upon secrecy, these visits were paid in the night when nobody was about. He knew nothing of the popular belief that the place was haunted.

On the first of these visits he was undisturbed. He crept into the grounds within a few minutes of midnight, and made his way to a back door. It yielded to his touch. He lit a candle which he had brought with him, and entered. All was still and lonely; not a sound reached his ears; there was not a crumb in the mansion upon which even a rat or a mouse could live. Stealthily and warily he made a tour of the rooms, shading the light with his hand when he was near a window. There was small need for such a precaution, but he took it, nevertheless.

"Safe and sure!" he muttered—"safe and sure!"

He was gratified and amazed to discover so many pieces of old furniture in the house; and he made out a list upon paper of what it would be necessary to bring with him when he actually took possession: his desk, containing his private papers and account-books, in which were entered his precious transactions; a few pots and pans, and some sheets and blankets; the personal clothing his wife would attend to. These things could be put into a cart, and a single horse would be sufficient to convey them from London. He had ascertained the distance—between fifteen and sixteen miles. He and his wife and child could ride in the cart. So much saved!

Determining to come again before the final step was taken, he left the house at two in the morning as secretly and quietly as he had entered it.

His second visit was paid in the course of the following week, at about the same hour of the night. He entered the house, again without being disturbed, and lighting his candle, made another tour of the rooms. He stood in one which had been a principal bedroom, and he resolved to turn it to the same use. On this occasion he made a more careful examination of the furniture, which, in consequence of the craze for the antique, he knew to be worth a great deal of money; and he was rubbing his hands with glee, having placed the candle on a table, and was thinking, "All mine! all mine!" when a sound from the bedstead almost drove the blood from his heart. It was a sound of soft breathing.

He stood for a few moments transfixed; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; his feet seemed fastened to the floor. The sound of soft, regular breathing continued, and presently, as nothing more alarming occurred, he began to recover himself. His feet became loosened, his limbs regained their power of action. Noiselessly he took from his pockets two articles—one a revolver, which he always carried about him; the other a bottle of water. He moistened his throat, and returned the bottle to his pocket; and then, holding the pistol, without any distinct idea of the use he might put it to, he tremblingly approached the bed. There, fully dressed, lay a lad of some thirteen or fourteen years of age.

A common-looking lad, commonly dressed, sleeping very peacefully and calmly.

Miser Farebrother, seeing before him an enemy whom he could easily overcome, shook the lad roughly, and cried, "Now, then, what are you doing here?"

The lad jumped up, and slid from the bed to the floor.

"Do you hear me?" cried Miser Farebrother. "What are you doing here, you vagabond?"

That the lad was terribly frightened was clear by his actions; he shrank back and cowered at the sight of the pistol, but he managed to blurt out: "I ain't doing no harm, your honor! I'm only having a sleep."

"How dare you sleep here?" demanded Miser Farebrother, in a tone of authority. "You have come to commit a robbery—to rob *me!* I'll put you in jail for it."

"Don't, your honor—don't!" pleaded the lad, still cowering and shrinking. "I 'ain't done a morsel of harm—upon my soul I 'ain't! I didn't come here to steal nothink—upon my soul I didn't!"

Miser Farebrother put the pistol into his pocket, and the lad began to whimper.

"Do you know I could take your life, could lawfully take it," said Miser Farebrother, "for breaking into *my* house as you have done, and sleeping upon *my* bed?"

"Yes, your honor; but please don't! I didn't break into the house. The door was open."

"Stop that crying."

"Yes, your honor." And the lad, in default of a handkerchief, dug his knuckles into his eyes. A lad of resource and some decision of character, he cried no more. This fact was not lost upon Miser Farebrother.

"You did not break into the house, you say?"

"No, your honor; upon my soul I didn't!"

"And you found the door open?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Which door?"

"The kitchen door, your honor."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three days, your honor."

This piece of information rather confounded Miser Farebrother, who, himself an interloper, was feeling his way; but he was politic enough not to betray himself.

"Three days, eh—and not yet caught?"

"Nobody wants to ketch me, your honor."

"Not your father and mother?"

"'Ain't got none, your honor."

"Somebody else, then, in their place?"

"There ain't nobody in their place. There ain't a soul that's got a call to lay a hand upon me."

"Except me."

"Yes, your honor," said the lad, humbly; "but I didn't know."

His complete subservience and humbleness had an effect upon Miser Farebrother. He judged others by himself—a common enough standard among mortals—and he was not the man to trust to mere words; but there was a semblance of truth in the manner of the lad which staggered him. In all England it would have been difficult to find a man less given to sentiment, and less likely to be led by it, but the lad's conspicuous helplessness, and his ingenuous blue eyes—which, now that the pistol was put away, looked frankly at the miser—no less than his own scheme of taking possession of Parksides by stealth and in secrecy, were elements in favor of this lad, so strangely found in so strange a situation. A claim upon Parksides Miser Farebrother undoubtedly possessed; he held papers, in the shape of liens upon complicated mortgages, which he had purchased for a song; but he had something more than a latent suspicion that the law's final verdict was necessary to establish the validity and exact value of his claim. This he had not sought to obtain, knowing that it would have led him into ruinous expense and probable failure. These circumstances were the breeders of an uneasy consciousness that he and the lad, in their right to occupy Parksides, were somewhat upon an equality. Hence it was necessary to be cautious, and to feel his way, as it were.

"Where are your people?" he asked.

The lad stared at him. "My people!"

"Your people," repeated Miser Farebrother. "Where you live, you know."

"'Ain't got no people," said the lad. "Don't live nowhere."

"Listen to me, you young scoundrel," said Miser Farebrother, shaking a menacing forefinger at him; "if you're trying to impose upon me by a parcel of lies, you'll find yourself in the wrong box. As sure as I'm the master of this house, I'll have you locked up and fed upon stones and water for the rest of your life."

"I ain't trying to impose upon you," persisted the lad, speaking very earnestly; "I ain't telling you a parcel of lies. Look here, your honor, have you got a book?"

"What book?"

"I don't care what book—any book. Give it me, and I'll kiss it, and swear on it that I've told you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"You'll have to tell something more of yourself before I've done with you. Where did you live before you lived nowhere?"

"Hailsham, your honor."

"Where's that?"

"Don't know, your honor."

"How far from here?"

"Six days, your honor."

"None of your nonsense. How far?"

"Couldn't tell to a yard, if you was to skin me alive. It took me six days to git here."

"You walked?"

"Yes, your honor; every step of the way."

"Who did you live with at Hailsham?"

"Mother."

"You said you had none."

"More I have. She's dead."

"Father too?"

"Yes; ever so long ago."

"What brought you here?"

"My legs."

Miser Farebrother restrained his anger—for which there was no sound reason, the lad's manner being perfectly respectful.

"What did you come here for?"

"To see grandfather. I heerd mother talk of him and grandmother ever so many times, and that they lived down here; so when she was buried I thought I might do worse than come and see 'em."

"Have you seen them?"

"No, your honor; they're dead too." The lad added, mournfully, "Everybody's dead, I think."

"They lived down here, you say?"

"Yes; 'most all their lives; in this fine house. They was taking care of it for the master."

Some understanding of the situation dawned upon Miser Farebrother, and a dim idea that it might be turned to his use and profit.

"What was their name?"

"Barley, your honor. That's my name, Tom Barley; and if you'd give me a job I'd be everlastingly thankful."

Miser Farebrother, with his eyes fixed upon the lad's face, into which, in the remote prospect of a job, a wistful expression had stolen, considered for a few moments. Here was a lad who knew nobody in the neighborhood and whom nobody knew, and who recognized in him the master of Parksides. In a few days he intended to enter into occupation, and he had decided not to bring a servant with him. Tom Barley would be useful, and was, indeed, just the kind of person he would have chosen to serve him in a rough way —a stranger, whose only knowledge of him was that he was the owner of Parksides; and no fear of blabbing, having nothing to blab about. He made up his mind. He took a little book from his pocket, the printed text of which was the calculation of interest upon ten pounds and upward for a day, for a week, for a month, for a year, at from five to fifty per cent. per annum.

"Take this book in your hand and swear upon it that you have told me the truth."

Tom Barley kissed the interest-book solemnly, and duly registered the oath.

"If I take you into my service," said Miser Farebrother, "will you serve me faithfully?"

A sudden light of joy shone in Tom Barley's eyes. "Give me the book again, your honor, and I'll take my oath on it."

"No," said Miser Farebrother. As a matter of fact, he had been glad to get the book back in his possession, not knowing yet whether Tom Barley could read, and being fearful that he might open it and discover its nature; "I'll be satisfied with your promise. But you can't sleep in the house, you know."

"There's places outside, your honor; there's one where the horses was. That 'll be good enough for me."

"Quite good enough. How much money have you got?"

"I had a penny when I reached here, your honor, but it's gone. I spent it in bread."

"Is that all you've had to eat?"

"No, your honor; I killed a rabbit."

"Very well. I take you into my service, Tom Barley. Twopence a week, and you sleep outside. When you're a man I'll make your fortune if you do as you're told. What's to-day?"

"Monday, your honor," said Tom Barley, now completely happy. "The church bells was ringing yesterday."

"On Thursday night," said Miser Farebrother, "at between twelve and one o'clock, I shall be here with a cart. There will be a lady in it besides me, and—and—a child. You understand?"

"Yes, your honor, I'm awake."

"Be awake then, wide-awake, or you will get in trouble. I shall want you to help get some things out of the cart. There will be a moon, and you will be able to see me drive up. Look out for me. Here's a penny on account of your first week's wages. You can buy some more bread with it, and if you like you can kill another rabbit. Was it good?"

"Prime, your honor."

"It ought to be. It was *my* rabbit, you know, Tom Barley, and you'll kill no more than one between now and Thursday. The skins are worth money, and many a man's been hanged for stealing them. You will not forget?—Thursday night between twelve and one."

"No fear of my forgetting, your honor," said Tom Barley, ducking his head in obeisance; "I shall be here, wide-awake, waiting for you."

Miser Farebrother saw Tom Barley out of the house, and walked away through the shadows, rubbing his hands in satisfaction at having done a good night's work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHICAGO AUDITORIUM BUILDING.

THE greatest private building enterprise ever undertaken in this country is now in progress in the city of Chicago—a city which this year celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, a city whose site was the scene, within the century, of a horrible Indian massacre. The colossal structure, of which an engraving is presented on another page, massive and imposing as it appears, is less expressive of progress in architecture than of the march of empire. Within the memory of many living men Chicago was on the very verge of civilization; now it is near the centre of the population of the United States, and its grand Auditorium Building is erected to supply a need, not merely of the metropolis of the West, but of the whole country. Mr. **FERD W. PECK**, president of the Auditorium Association, to whom is due the conception, development, and culmination of the enterprise, is a man of large fortune and public spirit. He is president of the Chicago Athenæum, an officer of the Humane Society, a member of the city Board of Education, and, apart from the care of his estate, his entire time is devoted to public interests of an æsthetic, moral, and educational character.

In presenting the subject of the Auditorium to the Commercial Club a year ago Mr. **PECK** distinctly foreshadowed its national character, calling attention to the demands of the country for the accommodation of political and other conventions, reunions of army societies, operatic and other musical festivals, etc.; and referring to the fact that seven national political conventions had already been held in Chicago, and that for six of them temporary halls were constructed, at a large and necessarily wasteful expenditure of money. There is hence a high purpose underlying the project, namely, the desire to promote a sentiment of fraternity among sixty millions of people by providing a common place of assembly equally for the deliberation and amusement of vast representative bodies of men. There is a hint of a nobler future for art in the severe aspect of the Auditorium Building. The effect of its massive grandeur is nowhere impaired by pointless ornamentation.

The Auditorium Building covers nearly two acres of ground, fronting the lake, on the main Boulevard leading to the South Parks. The substructure is of dark gray granite from the Mesaba Heights Quarries, in Minnesota, the walls rough-hammered finish, with polished columns; the superstructure of smooth-hammered buff Bedford stone from quarries in Indiana. It is ten stories in height, with a square tower forty by seventy-one feet, rising eighty feet above the roof. It has a frontage on Michigan Boulevard, Congress Street, and Wabash Avenue of 709 feet, or more than one-eighth of a mile. The value of the ground, which is leased, is $1,000,000, and the estimated cost of the structure $2,000,000. The main feature of the building is, of course, the auditorium; another important feature is a grand hotel of 500 rooms; and after these a large renting space, to be devoted as far as practicable to the arts, both useful and fine, to music, to art studios, to artistic merchandising, and to education in its various special branches. Many institutions of a more or less public character will find a home in the vast structure, such as the Athenæum, the Chicago Conservatory of Music, and the United States Signal Service. The latter will occupy the second story from the top of the tower—the best place for meteorological observations in the country. The spacious upper story of the tower will be utilized as a public observatory, which, easily reached by an elevator, will afford widely extended views of city, lake, and the adjacent country. The auditorium will be finished as a theatre, with an immense stage, three galleries, room in front of the foot-lights for an orchestra of ninety pieces, with scenery after the plan of that of the Grand Opera, Paris. Five thousand chairs will be arranged in circular rows in the audience-room proper, while by clearing the stage and utilizing the foyer 3000 additional seats may be provided, giving a total seating capacity of 8000.

The style of the interior finish and decoration, not only of the auditorium, but of the hotel, the rehearsal hall, and all other parts of the vast edifice, will be designed and executed to correspond in value and appearance with the substantial character of the exterior, use and comfort rather than display being the ends kept constantly in view. The architects in charge of the great enterprise are Messrs. **ADLER & SULLIVAN**, of Chicago. But Professor **WARE**, the distinguished incumbent of the chair of Architecture of Columbia College, was consulted both as to the grand elevation and the execution of plans. General **WILLIAM SOOY SMITH** has acted as consulting engineer.

The Auditorium Association numbers several hundred members, embracing worthy representatives of all professions, avocations, classes, and creeds. These leading citizens of Chicago have become stockholders, not so much with the expectation of profit as with the purpose, already expressed, of conferring a public benefit—a benefit, too, that shall in a measure prove to be coextensive with the bounds of the country.

CHARLES H. HAM.

THE SEVENTH IN CAMP.

THE annual encampment of the New York National Guard was opened this year by the Seventh Regiment, which began its week's tour of duty there on Saturday, the 18th of June. The State camp is finely situated on an elevated plateau overlooking the Hudson, about two miles from the town of Peekskill. Established in the year 1882, it has since been annually occupied by portions of the National Guard in rotation in tours of seven days for each organization. While originally leased only, the land has since been purchased by the State, so that the camp may now be regarded as a permanent institution. The ground has been improved and made more fit in many ways for its purpose. Fields have been graded, better drainage supplied, quartermasters' buildings, a mess hall, and other structures erected, wells dug, streets laid out for company tents, kitchens provided, and in short all arrangements made for the comfortable camping of citizen soldiers. The straight rows of white tents, pitched with mathematical precision, and the neat, carefully kept grounds, closely clipped grass, and handsome roads, are set off by the picturesque natural surroundings of the Hudson in the region of the Dunderberg.

Under the present system each regiment of the National Guard can count on a tour at the Peekskill camp every other year, and it is a tribute to its good management that while discipline is enforced with a strictness that some other State camps would be glad to secure, the prospect of a week's duty there is hailed with enthusiasm. The Seventh Regiment certainly was in high good spirits during its journey up the Hudson in the steamer *Long Branch* to the camp, and seized every opportunity to vent its feelings in cheers, jokes, and songs. On Sunday morning reveille sounded at five. After breakfast came the inspection, the men being in line on the company streets as the officers passed, every article within each tent in its place, and an inverted water pail surmounted by a wash-basin at the right, while the tents themselves were looped up to show their contents. Guard-mounting, always one of the most attractive ceremonies when well done, was duly performed. Then came religious services under the trees, with the regiment in its neat fatigue uniform, Chaplain **WESTON** delivering the discourse, and the glee club and band furnishing the music. The afternoon was one of leisure and of welcoming visitors from New York. The latter had an opportunity to observe how carefully the police detail had cleaned the company streets, wielding brooms, hoes, and rakes, and shovelling dirt into wheelbarrows as if brought up to the business, till not even a stray scrap of paper was discernible.

On Monday began the drills and other camp exercises, which continued through the week. Without discussing these in detail, or the many sports of the leisure hours, we may indicate in brief the routine of an ordinary day in camp for the present season. Reveille sounds at 5 in the morning. A quarter of an hour later comes the "sick call." The first drill, when held, is supposed to last from 5.45 to 7. After that comes breakfast, then guard-mounting for those who may be detailed for that duty. Then comes a two hours' drill, from 9.30 to 11.30, which promotes a good appetite for dinner. The "First Sergeant's call" comes at 1.30, and afterward schools of instruction for officers and non-commissioned officers. But for the remainder of the command the entire afternoon is a period of rest and recreation, usually devoted to base-ball or other sports, and social amusements. Six is the hour for supper. The Adjutant's call for dress parade is sounded at twenty minutes before sunset. Tattoo is at 10, and taps half an hour later. Besides the drill and guard duty there is the usual police or fatigue duty, consisting mostly in brushing up the camp and keeping it in order. When the heat is excessive the drills are often shortened, and in some cases omitted. The Seventh Regiment was present in strong force at the camp, and at dress parade the line of gray coats and white trousers extended well across the parade-ground. Heavy rains interfered somewhat with its drill programme.

The tour of the Seventh ended on Saturday, June 25, and on that day the Twelfth Regiment marched in, to be succeeded a week later by the Ninth, while the Forty-Seventh, Seventy-first, and Twenty-third will follow in due time. With the smaller regiments some separate companies will be camped. Beyond doubt the State has taken a wise step in establishing this camp of instruction at Peekskill, whose good results are seen in the greater efficiency of the militia.

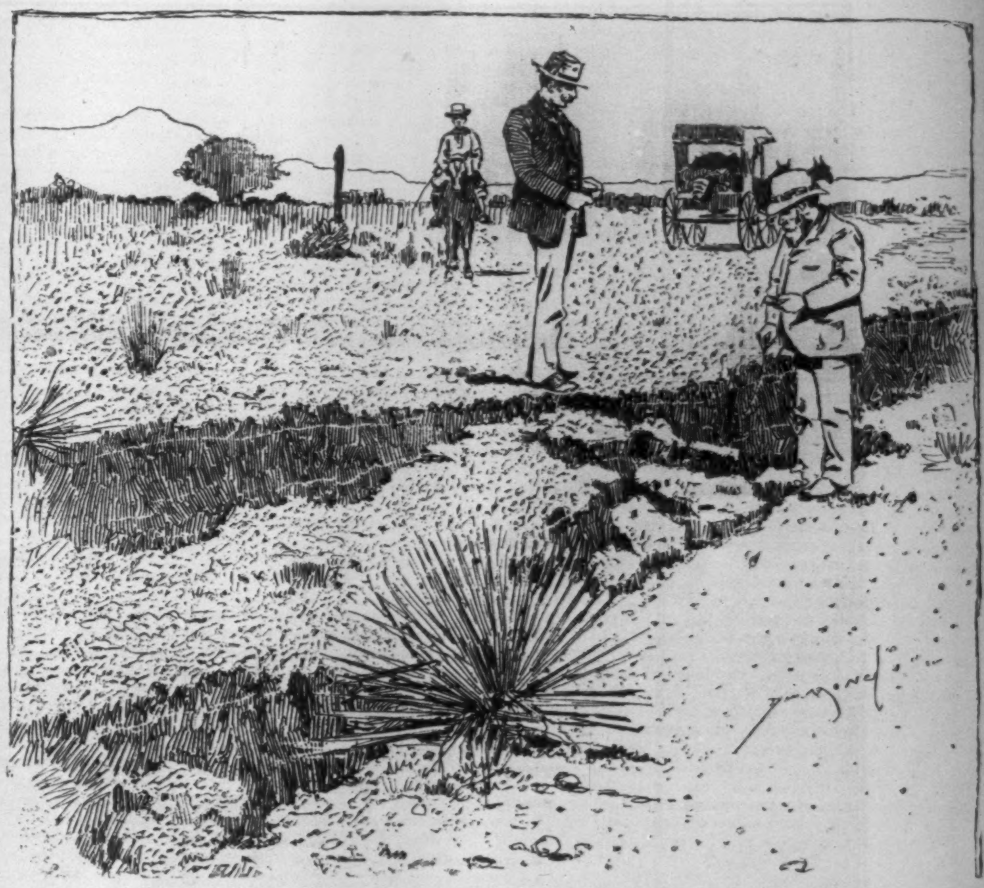
THE SONORA EARTHQUAKE.

ON the afternoon of May 3, 1887, the state of Sonora, in Mexico, and the southern portion of our Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, were shaken by an earthquake, which, had the valleys of the region been thickly peopled, would have been attended by a fearful loss of life. Bavispe, a town of 1500 souls, in the Sierra Madre, was ruined. Many of the people at the first shock rushed wildly to a church, which soon fell upon them. Forty-eight were killed and fifty-eight injured, many gravely. In the village of Opoto, near by, nine deaths are reported, and a single one at Fronteras. There were no deaths north of the Mexican frontier, and the most serious damage was there effected in the Mormon village of St. David's, in the valley of the San Pedro, near the Sonora Railroad, in southern Arizona, where all the houses, which are of adobe, or unburnt brick, suffered more or less, and the west front of the combined church and school-house fell at the first shock, the chimneys also being violently thrown down; as, however, the building was then untenanted there was no person injured. At the first earthquake movement the clock at Benson, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, stopped, at 2.12 Pacific time, equal to 2.55 local time. A series of vibrations lasted, according to different observers, from one and a half to two minutes, and at their cessation the telegraph operator at Tucson noted 2.14 o'clock. At Benson, St. David's, and elsewhere throughout the San Pedro Valley for a distance of 130 miles north of the Mexican border, as well as in the great Sulphur Spring Valley, parallel to this and a little to the east, the motion was described as a rocking or heaving of the soil, unattended by violent shocks. In Tombstone, Bisbee, and other towns built on the rocky range between the two valleys, however, a violent trembling of the earth was felt, accompanied with at least two distinct shocks in the interval of less than two minutes. These, though they cracked the walls of buildings, and dislodged large stones which rolled down the hill-sides, were not sufficient to destroy houses, dislodge timbers, or otherwise injure any of the large mines in the district.

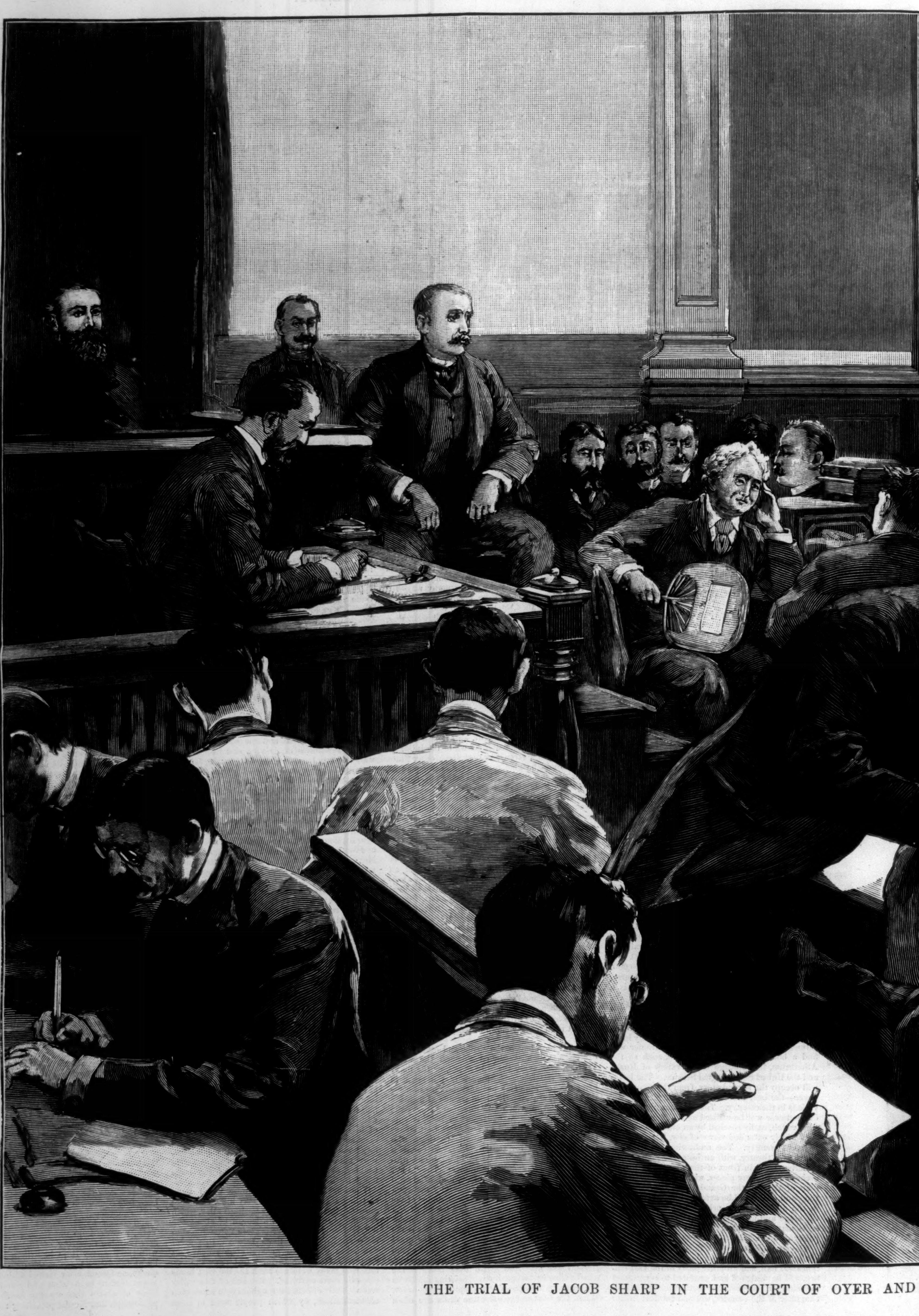
The effects in the valleys were much more startling than on the bare rocky hills, and were most marked in the Sulphur Spring Valley, which extends north and south a length of about one hundred miles, the lower portion extending into Sonora. No stream flows through this great plain, but water can generally be reached at depths of from five to forty feet from the surface, and many wells are sunk for the vast herds of cattle there pastured. The soil of this valley was violently affected throughout by a succession of undulations, by which people were in some cases thrown down, while water troughs rocked, and their contents were thrown out. The water in the wells rose at once to the surface, in some cases leaping several feet into the air, but soon regained its former level. In one case the soil, after rising into a dome, burst with a great discharge of water. Such ruptures of the soil were, however, rare in those parts of the valley where the earth is tenacious, but in the southern and more narrow part, for a distance of about seven miles, beginning at the Mexican frontier and going northward, the more sandy soil was broken at frequent intervals by cracks with vertical displacements of from one to two feet or more. One of these was traced for 750 feet, with occasional branches and subdivisions, and for 100 feet the two sides of the fissure had a difference of level of from twenty-four to twenty-six inches, but in a distance of ten or twelve feet at right angles rose gradually to the original level. Elsewhere the rise was sudden, by a second vertical crack, areas of an acre or two having broken away and dropped down from one to two feet. The cause of these depressions was made evident by the large amounts of mud and sand which were thrown up in many places along these cracks, often covering several acres, sometimes with a layer of from six to twelve inches. In one example a belt of this kind of about an acre, along the line of a crack where the soil had sunk on both sides, showed two rounded holes or craters, through which, after the first eruption of mud, water had evidently flowed. About four feet down one of these holes the water channels were seen to extend sidewise, affording a footing for a man.

The direction of the disturbance seemed generally to indicate a movement from south to north. The track of the Sonora Railroad where it runs about east and west, near the station of Fairbanks, was thrown three inches to the north. At the Grand Central Silver Mill, on the San Pedro, the chimney of a house was dislocated, and the upper portion, without falling, swung around from north to east about ninety degrees. The whole country at the time was exceedingly arid, and the shock, dislodging great masses of rock, which rolled down the hill-sides, filling the air with dust, and igniting in their rapid descent the dry grass and trees, gave rise to fires in several places. The next day volcanoes were reported in every mountain, and the excitement caused by the earthquake was augmented by rumors of blazing craters and lava streams. It is still reported that an active volcano has appeared in the Sierra Madre near Bavispe. The area disturbed by the earthquake of May 3 extends from the Rio Colorado on the west to El Paso on the east—a breadth of about 550 miles—and the shocks were felt from Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, to Albuquerque, in New Mexico—a range from north to south of about the same distance. In the central part of this area, at least, no tradition of former earthquakes exists, and the unfractured condition of such prehistoric adobe buildings as the Casa Grande shows that the region has for centuries been free from such terrestrial movements.

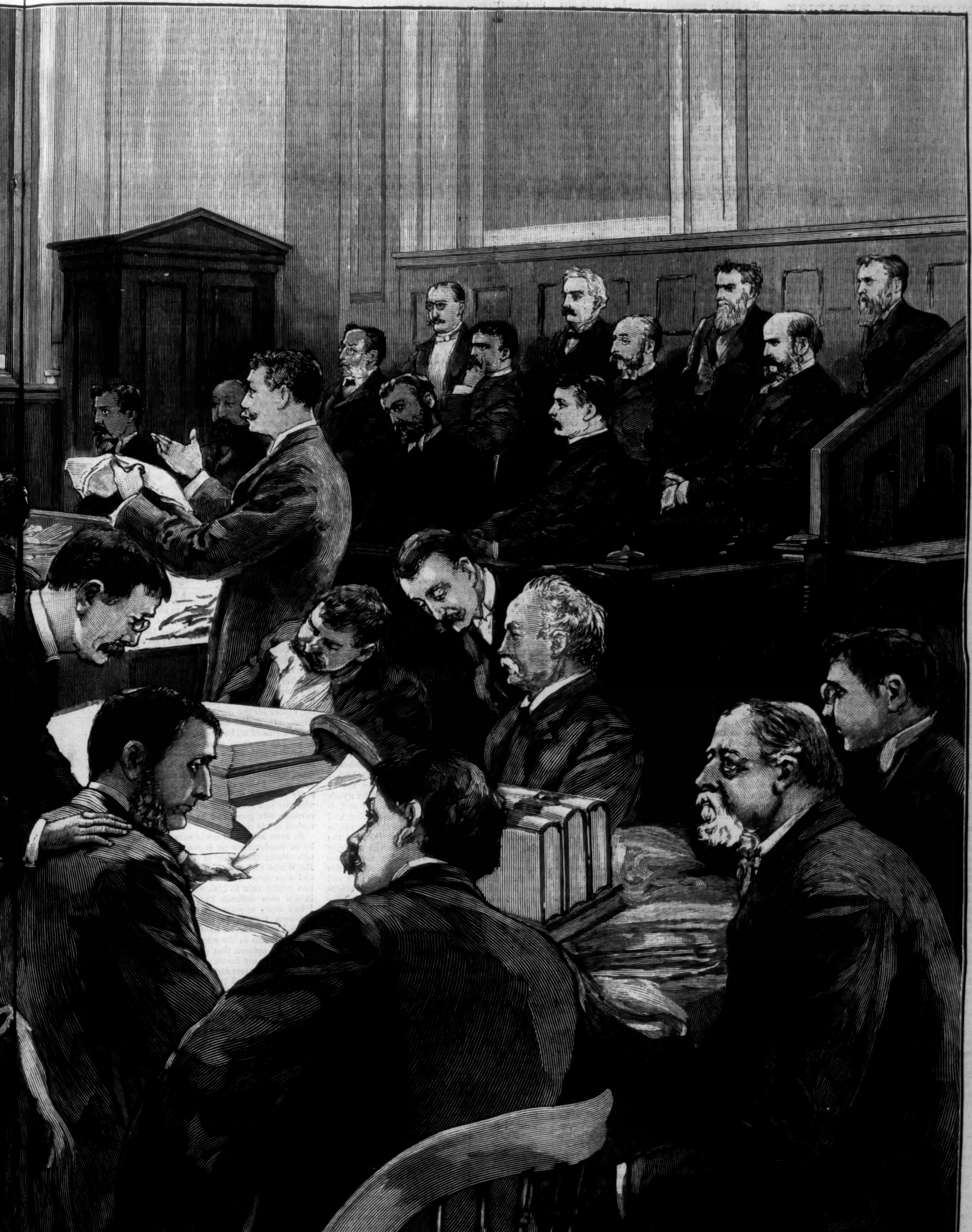
The accompanying sketch is from a photograph taken by Mr James Douglass, of New York, president of the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Company of Bisbee, Arizona, who with Dr. T. Sterry Hunt had the good fortune to be at the latter place at the time of the earthquake, and soon after visited with him the adjacent regions in Arizona and Sonora. It is to these observers that we are indebted for the photograph and for the preceding notes.



EFFECT OF EARTHQUAKE (MAY 3, 1887) NEAR AGUA PRIETA RANCHE.



THE TRIAL OF JACOB SHARP IN THE COURT OF OYER AND



TERMINER, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 475.]

THE ROSE OF PARADISE.

[*Continued from front page.*]

aground further up the coast to keep her from sinking, supplied the larger vessel with three boatfuls of fresh men.

At about six o'clock in the evening the *Greenwich* followed the lead of the Ostender and stood clear away to sea, leaving us struggling in the very jaws of death. At the same time the pirate craft floated clear off with the rising tide, and immediately fell to work fitting out warps to haul out under our stern, though still at some distance from us. Seeing this, no hope remained for us but to leave the ship, if possible, with the passengers and such of our men as were still alive, trusting to Providence not only to bring us safe away, but to keep us all in that desolate country amongst a strange and savage people.

VIII.

As said above, it was now six o'clock, and Mr. White and the boatswain were the only unwounded officers with whom I dared intrust the command of the boats in executing my plans for leaving the ship. Mr. Richards, the third mate, had been killed by a grape bullet when we ran down upon the larger of the pirate crafts. He was a young man of great promise, of but twenty-two years of age, and my cousin's son. Mr. Langely had been wounded in the afternoon by a musket shot through the shoulder, and though he had remained upon deck for a long while, he was at last forced to go below and have his wound dressed by the surgeon. I myself had been hurt, though little to speak of, except for the loss of blood, a musket ball having grazed my head, and having made a long cut over the left ear, which at the time required no more dressing than a napkin tied about my head.

The long-boat and the gig were all of the ship's boats that remained sound and uninjured, the others having been shot or stove during the engagement. It was arranged that Mr. Jeks, the boatswain, should command the long-boat, and Mr. White the gig. The passengers and the less seriously wounded were to go in the long-boat; Mr. White to take those who had been more dangerously hurt in the gig.

At that time the wind had died down again, and it was as calm as it had been the two days before, so that the smoke hung thick about the ship and upon the water, and did not drift away. Although because of this thick cloud we could not see our enemy, and so could not point our guns with any sureness of aim, it also prevented him from seeing us and what we were about, so that all our movements were concealed from him as his were from us.

Mr. Langely having come upon deck at this time, though very weak and feeble from the pain of his wound, I intrusted the clearing away and lowering of the boats to him, while I went below to advise the women of our plans, and to tell them to get together such matters as they might need in this emergency. I found them in a most pitiable state, having been left by themselves for all this long time with no light but that of a lantern slung from the deck above, hearing the uproar of the fight and the groans of the wounded without once knowing whether matters were going for us or against us.

The two ladies sat, or rather crouched, upon a chest or box, holding one another by the hand. Mistress Ann lay huddled in a corner in a most extreme state of terror and distraction.

I may even yet see in my mind's eye how Mistress Pamela appeared when I clambered down the ladder: her face was as white as marble, and her eyes gazed out from the shadow of her brows with a most intense and burning glance. My heart bled for the poor creatures when I thought how much they must have suffered since they were sent to this dreadful place.

So soon as they saw me they fell to screaming, and clung to one another. Nor did I wonder at their distraction when I beheld myself a few minutes later in the glass in my cabin, for my face and hands were blackened with the smoke of the powder, my shirt and waistcoat were stained with the blood which had poured out from the wound in my head, and around my brow was bound the bloody napkin which I had hastily wrapped about my head so soon as I had recovered from the first effects of my wound. But just then I knew not how I looked, nor reckoned anything of it, for in a fight such as we had passed through one has little time to think of such matters.

"Ladies," said I, speaking as gently as I could, "be not afraid; it is I, Captain Mackra."

At this Mrs. Evens burst into a great passion of weeping, with her face buried in her hands, whilst Mistress Pamela still regarded me, though with a fixed and stony stare.

"Oh God!" she cried; "and are you hurt?" And she pointed with her outstretched finger to my head.

"Why, no," says I, making shift to force a laugh in spite of the anxiety with which I was consumed; "it is a mere scratch, and nothing to speak of. There is no time now to talk of such little matters as this, but only of leaving the ship, for we can defend ourselves no longer. Get together what things you need from your cabin, and make haste, for there is no time to lose."

I believe that Mistress Ann had fainted clean away when she had caught sight of me climbing down the ladder; for we found that she was in no condition to move, so I picked her up in my arms and bore her to the great cabin, the others following close behind. There I left them and went again upon deck, where I found that they were bringing the wounded up from below.

I hope I may never see such a sight again to the very last day of my life, for it is one thing to see a man shot in the heat of an action, and another and a mightily different thing to see one of one's own shipmates carried groaning in a hammock stained and wet with his blood.

We had so grounded that we lay within fifty yards of the shore, and it could take but a little while for a boat to go thither and return to the ship again. Nevertheless, I deemed it necessary to give the Rose of Paradise into the keeping of some one going upon this first passage, and upon whom I could entirely rely. The boatswain had the care of the women, which was, of course, of the first importance of all; therefore there remained no one in whose hands I could place it with as much confidence as in those of Mr. White.

It was very necessary to keep up the show of fighting, lest the pirates should think we had surrendered and come aboard of us, but all hands who could be spared from the guns were engaged in lowering the wounded into the long-boat and gig.

Leaving Mr. Langely in charge of this, I took Mr. White into my cabin; there I opened the locker that I had made in my berth, and took out the box containing the jewel.

"Sir," said I, "I am about to show you a sign both of my regard and of my esteem. In this box is a jewel worth above three hundred thousand pounds; this I intrust for the present into your keeping. When you get to the shore, you will not return with the gig, but will remain where you are, sending the boat back under some one whom you may choose among your crew. Should I perish, or should the pirates board this ship before your return (in which event I cannot hope to escape with my life), you will convey this trust to Mr. Longways, the Company's agent at the king's town. And now, sir, I wish you God's speed."

Mr. White was about to reply, but I checked him, telling him that he could best show his regard for me by leaving the ship without further words.

We left my cabin together, and just outside we met Captain Leach, whom I had noticed repeatedly for the last half-hour, and never very far away from me. He came directly toward Mr. White and me, but he did not so much as glance at the box that Mr. White held, but spoke to me.

"I came upon Mistress Pamela Boon's account," said he. "The women are ready to quit the ship, and Mistress Ann is yet in a dead swoon."

"I will go to them," said I; and then turning to Mr. White, I said, very seriously, "Remember!"

He did not answer, but bowed his head, and I turned and left him, Captain Leach following close behind me. He did not enter with me into the great cabin, but waited without, and when I came out a few minutes later I saw that he was gone.

I found the ladies waiting in the cabin, each with a bundle tied up in a kerchief. The waiting-woman lay upon the floor, still in a swoon, with Mistress Pamela kneeling beside her, chafing and slapping her hands, whilst Mrs. Evens sat at the table with her face buried in her palms. So soon as I entered, Mistress Pamela arose.

"Sir," said she, "Captain Leach told me that he would inform you that we were ready."

"So he did, madam," said I, "and I am come to help you embark."

As there was no sign of the waiting-woman's revival from her fit, I was constrained to carry her upon the deck, as I had already done from below. The boat under command of Mr. White was already gone, for it had taken several minutes for me to bring the women upon deck. We stowed them into the long-boat, and it pushed off immediately and was lost in the smoke. We then brought up the rest of the wounded from below, who were those who had been most desperately hurt in the action. These we laid upon the deck, so as to be in readiness for lowering into the boats so soon as they should return.

In the mean time I had given orders to those not thus occupied with the wounded to load many of the guns, with slow-matches in the breeches to burn from five to ten minutes. Thus the firing might be kept up after all had left the ship, whereby we hoped that the pirates would be stayed awhile from boarding and so discover our absence. In about ten minutes the gig returned without Mr. White, and the master's mate, who was in command in his stead, said that he had remained ashore with the women, as I had commanded him. In a very little while, the long-boat also returning, we got all hands aboard and pushed off, the guns still firing now and then as the slow-matches burned down. So we came safe to shore, but with no time to spare, for by the great shouts that were presently raised we knew that the pirates had come aboard the *Cassandra*, and in less than three minutes after the last man had quitted her.

Not more than fifteen or twenty minutes had been occupied in making ready and quitting the ship, for which celerity, and for the great coolness shown in this trying emergency, all praise is due both to the officers and the men. The fight had lasted for more than four hours and a half, in which time we had nine men killed, among whom was the third mate above mentioned, and twenty-two wounded, three of whom afterward died upon the island.

Besides the clothes and valuables which many had fetched away with them,* we had also brought off with us from the ship a quantity of muskets and pistols, and a dozen or more rounds of ammunition for each able-bodied man.

As soon as we landed we plunged directly into the thick brush, which there grew close down to the edge of the beach. Having thrust our way through these thickets for some distance, we found the others waiting for us at a little open space at the base of three palm-trees which stood about two hundred yards from the shore, it being then nigh to sunset, and with but little chance of the pirates following us that day.

Mr. White was standing near my passengers, who were gathered together in a group; but one of them was missing. *It was Captain Leach.*

"And where is Captain Leach?" I cried, looking directly at Mr. White.

He gazed at me in an exceedingly strange manner, and I saw that he grew as pale as death to the very lips. "And did he not come in the boat with you, sir?" said he at last, in a low and husky voice.

At these words a terrible fear came over me. "Where is the box I gave you?" I cried; and seeing that he was not like to answer, repeated the question—"Where is the box I gave you?"

By way of reply Mr. White fumbled for a moment or two in his waistcoat pocket, and presently handed me a scrap of paper. I opened it, and tried to read, though my hand trembled so that I could hardly contrive to make out what it was. But in spite of that and the blurring of my eyesight, every word and every letter is stamped upon my memory as upon a plate of brass.

It was written as though in mine own handwriting, and very hastily scrawled, but so like that I could not have told it myself had I not known it to be a forgery.

These were the words:

"*Sir,—I have altered my mind in regard to the box. Please deliver it to the bearer* (*Captain Leach*), *who will take present charge of it, and will convey it to me,*

[Signed] "*John Mackra.*"

As I still held the letter in my hand, gazing stupidly at it, but seeing nothing, the whole villany of the business was, as it were, revealed to me. I saw that when Captain Leach had left the ship in the native canoe two nights ago he had come straight to the pirates and had made some bargain with them for that accursed Rose of Paradise; that when he had gone aboard the *Greenwich* and the Ostender the next day, it was not to secure a passage for himself, but rather to persuade them to sacrifice the *Cassandra*, and so save their own wretched hulks; that when he had sent me to the women in the great cabin it was to get rid of me so that he might tamper with Mr. White; and last of all, that he had had kept this forged letter about him for just such an occasion as this. Then I thought of my shipmates killed and wounded, of my vessel and cargo lost, of all these poor people outcasts upon this savage desert coast, with no present prospect or hope of help, and of the stone itself thus cheated out of my hands at the last moment, and after all the suffering and the blood that had been shed. There came a great roaring in mine ears, all things began to reel before my sight, a dark cloud seemed to encompass me, and then I knew nothing more.

IX.

After I had thus swooned away, which happened both from the fever of my wound and the loss of blood, there followed a long time during which everything was confused and dream-like. I may call to mind what seemed to me a great and toilsome journey, but so commingled with the visions of my fever that I knew not whether it had taken hours, days, or weeks, and of which I may remember almost nothing. After that I have a memory of tossing upon a pallet which was both rough and hard, of a darkened and silent room, and of people coming and going and talking in whispers. Then one morning I awoke as though from a deep sleep, and felt that the heat of the fever had left me, though mightily weak and weary. This awakening must have happened betwixt four and five o'clock in the morning, for the mat which hung at the door had been raised, and a cool and refreshing breeze swept through the mud hut.

I lay for a long time looking out of the door toward which my couch was facing, and through which I could see hillocks of gray sand intermingled with rich and luxuriant vegetation; beyond, the rim of the ocean stretched like a black thread against the gray sky. I gave no thought to anything, but lay quite still, feeling mighty peaceful and quiet. By-and-by I turned mine eyes and saw that some one sat beside me, and that it was Mr. White. He did not see that I was observing him, but sat reading his Bible, for he was a young man of great earnestness of spirit. The sight of him brought first one thing and then another back to my memory, until the whole was complete as I have told it.

"Mr. White," said I—I spoke very quietly, but he could not have started more violently had a musket been fired beside his head. He came straight to me, and laid his hand upon my forehead. "Yes," said I, making shift to smile, "the fever has left me now; and will you tell me where I am?"

"Sir," says he, "you are safe and in the king's town; and now I will go and tell the surgeon of the bettering of your condition." So saying he left me, and Mr. Greenacre, the surgeon, presently came to me. He told me that all hands had been brought safe to the king's town; that I might set my mind at rest both regarding the passengers and the crew; and that I must not now talk further, but should seek to rest myself, which was very necessary for me to do in my present condition. Nor was I inclined to disobey this command, but presently closed mine eyes and fell into a most refreshing slumber, from which I did not awake until nigh sunset, when I found that Mr. White was once more beside me. When he saw that I was awake he made as if he would again go and call the surgeon, but I stopped him from doing as he intended.

"Stay, Mr. White," said I. "I should like now to know something more of what has happened. How long have I been lying in this condition?"

"About six days, sir," said he. And then, in a trembling voice, "Oh, Captain Mackra, can you forgive me for the injury I have done?"

"Why, sir," said I, "I have nothing to forgive, nor have you done anything for which to beseech forgiveness. What you did you did with the best intent, nor can I blame you for being so deceived by such a wicked and cunning villain as Captain Leach. And now tell me, what news is there of the pirates?" To this he answered that they were still lying at anchor in the bay on the east side of the island, repairing the damages which we had wrought; that the chief of them was one Edward England, a fellow of great note among these wicked villains; that they had been so enraged at that bloody fight which had cost them so dear that they had set a reward of two thousand pounds upon my head; and that the king of the island had offered us his protection, and had undertaken to guard us securely from any attack the pirates might be inclined to make against us. But, nevertheless, lest any of the natives should be of a mind to betray me for this great and magnificent reward, it had been deemed best that it should be reported that I had been killed in the late engagement.

After having recounted these things as briefly as possible, Mr. White again went in search of the surgeon, who soon came, and put a very cheerful face upon my case, which he said was now without doubt upon the mend.

After having eaten a very hearty supper of rich and savory broth, I was so far refreshed as to be able to receive some few who particularly desired to have speech with me, and who were presently ushered in by Mr. Greenacre. The first to come was my former acquaintance Mr. Longways, the Company's agent, and with him a great tall native chief, who had rather the appearance of a Malay than an African negro, and who was none other than King Kulakula himself. With these two came a black interpreter from Mozambique, for King Coffee could not speak one single word of English, but only a little Dutch, which he had picked up from the traders along the coast.

After them came the two ladies, escorted by Mr. Langely, who had now so far recovered from his wound as to be able to be about with ease, although he still carried his arm in a sling.

Mrs. Evens, when she saw me, gushed into tears, but Mistress Pamela came straight to me, took my hand, and set it to her lips, though I strove my best to stay her from doing so.

"Sir," said she, "what do we not owe to our brave preserver, who hath brought us safe through all this great trouble!"

"No, madam," cried I, hastily, for I could not bear that she should lay credit to me, who had so little earned it, seeing how helpless I had been in bringing them safe off from the *Cassandra*—"No, madam, give no credit to me; give it first of all to God, and then to Mr. Langely, who, though so sorely wounded, brought you, I understand, safe through the wilderness to this place."

After they had so spoken, comes King Kulakula forward with the interpreter, and through the black man expressed many kind and condescending wishes for the continued bettering of my condition. He furthermore gave me every assurance that we should all be protected from our enemies so long as we chose to remain at that place.

After a little while my visitors left me, except Mr. Longways, who, by permission of the surgeon, remained behind to exchange a few words with me. I then observed for the first time how sadly different he was in his appearance from what he had been; for all the jauntiness of his carriage was gone, and he looked mightily perturbed in his spirits.

So soon as he had made sure that no one was by to overhear us he began without preface to talk about the Rose of Paradise, saying that Mr. White had told him that it had been lost, and also some details of the matter; that that loss meant ruin to him, who could say no word in his own defence excepting by letter, while I had every opportunity of stating my case in my own fashion to the East India Company when I should come home, and so clear myself and leave him in the mire. But in spite of that it was his opinion that even I, with all these advantages in my favor, would have great trouble in making matters straight; for the loss of three hundred thousand pounds, besides my ship and cargo, was a thing that was not likely to be passed over very lightly.

I could hardly forbear smiling at this discourse, although it was of such a serious nature, for it seemed very strange to me that Mr. Longways should so readily suspect me of being disposed to ruin him.

"Sir," said I, "I know not what you would do in such a case as this, but I tell you plain that if I am compelled to make an unfortunate report to the East India Company, I will make it without blaming you or myself or any one, but simply tell the truth, and so let them adjudge the matter as they see fit."

"That is it, sir," cried he—"that is it, sir. If the Company are informed that I betrayed this important secret to Captain Leach, I'll have to whistle for it a long time out in the cold before I get a snug berth with them again."

"I am mightily sorry for you," said I, gravely. "But of course, sir, that is a matter concerning which you alone are responsible. Nevertheless I must tell you that I am not inclined to leave this place without endeavoring to recover that which has been so unfortunately lost."

"What, sir!" he cried; "do you mean to say that you will undertake to recover the Rose of Paradise again? And how do you purpose doing it, may I ask?"

"You may ask, sir," says I, smiling; "but as for my telling you, why, that is a very different matter."

Yet I had determined upon one point almost as soon as Mr. White had informed me who was the pirate captain into whose hands the *Cassandra* had fallen, and that was to go aboard of the pirate craft, and to speak with Captain Edward England himself. I had known him before he had entered into the nefarious life which he now followed, and while he was still first mate of the *Lady Alice.* I was then with Captain Wraxel in the West Indies, and had met England at Kingstown, in the island of Jamaica, upon which occasion he had appeared to conceive quite a liking for me, though I cannot say it was returned in kind. I knew him as a wild and reckless blade, but neither blood-thirsty nor cruel, and making every allowance for the change in his nature which this wicked life might effect, I did not believe that injury would happen to me if I could once gain his promise of safety in visiting his ship.

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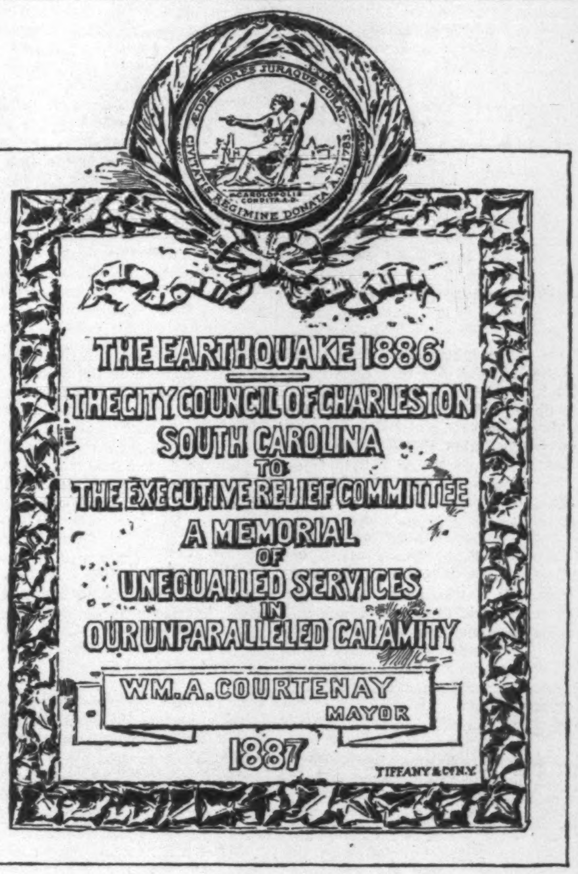
* I may say here that I myself was but poorly equipped in this respect, having not only forgot my watch, which I had left hanging in my cabin, but being also without shoes or stockings, which I had stripped off so that I might more readily swim for it if the pirates should come aboard whilst the boats were gone on their first trip to the shore. At the last moment I was so busied in supervising the lowering of the wounded into the boats that I did not think of returning for the one or of securing the other.

As for the jewel, I did not believe that Captain Leach would disclose the secret of it without he had been compelled to do so; wherefore, if he had it still in his own keeping, I entertained a hope that I might by some trick or other snatch the precious stone away from him again. In that event I did not believe he would say anything, for fear that the pirates might punish him for keeping it a secret from them. But although I could perceive, as Mr. Longways had said, that it was of great importance both to his future and mine own that the Rose of Paradise should be regained, I ventured my life not so much in the hopes of obtaining the stone as of procuring some means by which all hands might be able to quit the island; for we—and more especially the women—could not but be in constant danger from the bloody wretches thirsting for revenge on account of the check which the crew of the *Cassandra* had lately put upon them. Wherefore I thought it best that I should boldly visit the pirate captain, for I had great hopes of being able to persuade him to allow us to escape, and even of procuring from him some means to that end.

In any case, the venture could not but be of advantage to us, for even if I should perish, their revenge might thereby be satisfied, and they might depart without molesting the rest of the ship's company, for they were pleased to regard me as the chief cause of all their mishaps and losses in the late engagement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


AEDES MORES JURAQUE CURAT
CIVITATIS REGIMINE DONATA A.D. 1783
THE EARTHQUAKE 1886
THE CITY COUNCIL OF CHARLESTON
SOUTH CAROLINA
TO
THE EXECUTIVE RELIEF COMMITTEE
A MEMORIAL
OF
UNEQUALLED SERVICES
IN
OUR UNPARALLELED CALAMITY
WM. A. COURTENAY
MAYOR
1887
TIFFANY & CO N.Y.

THE CHARLESTON MEMORIAL TABLET.

A REPRESENTATION is presented herewith of a memorial tablet designed by Mr. Whitehouse, of Tiffany & Co.'s, to commemorate the services of the Charleston Relief Committee at the time of the earthquakes in that city last year. By the order of the City Council of Charleston ten copies of the tablet were made, one for each member of the Relief Committee. The tablets are of burnished bronze, and are set upon ebony bases measuring twelve by fifteen inches. Besides a general inscription, each tablet bears the name of the member of the Committee to whom it is given. The name is etched upon a raised ribbon. About the inscription runs a border of ivy, and above is a palmetto wreath and the seal of the city of Charleston. The wreath is a very faithful and delicate copy of the palmetto leaf, specimens of which were sent from Charleston for the artist's assistance. Between $600,000 and $700,000 passed through the hands of Captain W. L. Campbell, the Treasurer of the Committee, in the course of the Committee's work. In the words of the Charleston *News and Courier*, the tablet "commemorates acts more enduring than the wellnigh imperishable material of which it is composed," and "at the same time the constant kindliness, the sound judgment, and the unswerving fidelity with which a vast fund—the embodiment of the world's benignity—was administered and apportioned."

THE TRIAL OF JACOB SHARP.

Jacob Sharp strove for the right to run horse-cars in Broadway for more than thirty years before he obtained it. When at length in August, 1884, the Board of Aldermen handed the great street over to the company of which he was the head, people spoke of the transaction as a striking instance of what faithful persistence could accomplish. Mayor Edson vetoed the act of the Aldermen, but they promptly repassed it over his veto. Suspicion was aroused, and charges of bribery were forth-coming. Mr. Sharp and his associates had paid nothing down for their valuable franchise, although the city was to receive certain percentages after the road should begin to run. It was generally felt that the privilege was worth millions, and that, so far as the city was concerned, it had been practically given away. The charges of bribery took form, and the Grand Jury found a comprehensive batch of indictments. Three of the Aldermen of 1884 became informers against their fellows when the trials came on. These were Aldermen Fullgraff, Duffy, and Waite. They swore that bribery was employed to secure the vote by which Broadway was turned over to Mr. Sharp and his associates. Twenty thousand dollars, they declared was the amount paid to each of thirteen Aldermen who were leagued in what Alderman Duffy styled the "combine." Half a million was the sum which it was charged was used by Mr. Sharp's agents among the Aldermen altogether. Three of the consenting Aldermen were tried and convicted. In the case of a fourth (Alderman Cleary, the wealthy janitor of the Equitable Building), the jury disagreed, and the Alderman is to be tried again. The trial of Jacob Sharp is the fifth upon the list. Of the twenty-two Aldermen concerned in giving Broadway to Mr. Sharp, Jaehne, McQuade, and O'Neil are in Sing Sing; Sayles, De Lacy, and Dempsey are fugitives in Canada; Rothman is a fugitive in Germany; Kenny and McLoughlin are dead; McCabe is insane; Fullgraff, Waite, and Duffy have turned witnesses for the State; and Sheils, Finck, Farley, Cleary, Wendel, Pearson, Reilly, Miller, and Kirk are under bail, awaiting the movements of events and of the District Attorney. The remaining two of the Aldermen of 1884, who voted against the Broadway scheme, are Hugh J. Grant, at present Sheriff of the city and county of New York, and John Christopher O'Connor. With Sayles, De Lacy, and Dempsey in Canada, and also fugitives, are John Keenan, understood to have been the agent who paid the bribes, and William Moloney, a go-between.

It took four weeks to get together a jury for the trial of Jacob Sharp. Hundreds of talesmen were examined and rejected. When the trial finally began, on June 15, it was pushed with great vigor. Judge Barrett fixed the hours of 9½ A.M. and 6½ P.M. as the limits of each day's work, with an hour of intermission at noon, and even during the warm and enervating period which followed close upon the opening of the trial this rule of long sessions was strenuously observed.

Jacob Sharp, the defendant, is represented in the lower right-hand corner of Mr. Snyder's picture. He is in his seventy-first year. One might not think him so old, perhaps, but it is evident that he is a sufferer from disease. By his physician's account he is afflicted with diabetes, a heart trouble, and other ailments. His thin hair is a light brown, and his beard and mustache are white. It was intended at first that he should have the privilege of sleeping at his home in Twenty-third Street during the trial, under a guard of deputy-sheriffs, but Sheriff Grant protested against the great inconvenience of this plan, and after one or two nights spent at his house the defendant was transferred to Ludlow Street Jail, where he occupies the rooms which William M. Tweed once occupied, and which are commodious and comfortable. His wife and other members of his family attend upon him there.

At the table occupied by Mr. Sharp's counsel, Mr. Stickney, noted for his sharp cross-examinations of the witnesses for the people, leans with his hand upon the shoulder of Mr. Parsons. To the right of Mr. Parsons sits Mr. Nelson, and opposite sits ex-Judge Fullerton, the famous cross-questioner of the Beecher trial, to whom one of the assistant lawyers for the defence is talking.

The prosecutor's table occupies the centre of the picture. Only the back of the head of District-Attorney Martine is presented to us, but we may see the full face of his assistant, Colonel Fellows, whose resemblance to P. T. Barnum, the showman, has often been remarked. The story of the hard work and the depressing weather which have attended the trial is told in the attitude of Colonel Fellows and in the fan which he holds in his hand, but lacks the spirit to use. Just to the right and above the face of Colonel Fellows appears the head of Mr. Semple, another of the District Attorney's assistants; while standing, and engaged in the examination of a witness, is Assistant-District-Attorney Nicoll, who bore the brunt of the active opening work. Mr. Nicoll is a man apparently thirty-three years of age, with dark brown hair, a fair mustache, and cold blue eyes. He won attention in this trial for the imperturbability with which he met the onsets of Mr. Stickney, whose methods are very vigorous and stirring. Judge Barrett, of course, occupies the bench.

The jury whom it was such a labor to secure are to be enumerated from left to right, beginning with the row in front. They are (1) Wiley J. Canfield, publisher; (2) Owen O. Schimmel, dealer in preserves; (3) Jacques Kahn, dealer in mirrors; (4) Alexander T. Clarke, broker; (5) Rudolph Wolff, dealer in bags; (6) William R. Mead, architect; (7) A. Howard Hopping, importer; (8) David Clarkson, auctioneer; (9) Henry V. Feder, no business; (10) Theodore Kauffeld, silk merchant; (11) Samuel Palmer, grocer; (12) Azor S. Marvin, manufacturer of safes. Mr. Schimmel was the first juror drawn, and Mr. Feder was the last.

THE TOPOLOBAMPO COLONY.

Norway has become known to those who read as "the land of the midnight sun," and it is believed that Mexico will become within a few years endeared to the migratory families of our States North as the country of the midwinter sun, and that in its vast domain of varied attractions the enjoyable days and cool nights, the sanitation and special advantages, of Topolobampo Bay, in Sinaloa, until now almost unknown, will claim special consideration. Topolobampo is the name given these mountain-locked waters by the Mayo fishers, who have until recently been the only frequenters of the shores of this bay, and probably it means "secret water." Although situated midway between the rivers Fuerte and Sinaloa, upon a coast remarkably deficient in deep-water harbors, with a back country lying immediately adjacent possessing vast and varied resources, yet Topolobampo six months ago was in as primitive a condition and as little disturbed by man as it was before Cortez and his companions declared possession of "New Spain" in the name of their king.

But there is now at Topolobampo a colony of over three hundred persons. They have established two permanent settlements, one on the north shore of the "Strait of Joshua," which will be called, in all probability, "Topolobampo," and another, "Vegaton," on the left bank of the Fuerte River. These town sites occupy respectively about 18,000 and 1500 acres, and are about thirty-five miles apart. The colonists have a plan to connect them next fall by a railroad and irrigating ditch or tube. Along and on each side of this railroad and ditch they intend to make a model farm. This will virtually make a park from harbor to valley, from the salt Gulf to the fresh mountain-water river, with a farm and stock range of 33,500 acres in the middle.

The Topolobampo colonists are a peculiar people. They are mostly persons who have positive convictions concerning religion, government, and society. They smile when an allusion is made to their being peculiar. "Perhaps we are peculiar," they say, "but we are united so that we can employ one another in useful and agreeable occupations at the time and place we wish. Our principles enjoin upon every member order, industry, and courtesy. By combining our money and labor we are enabled to do everything necessary for our comfort, instruction, and advancement, and without paying interest for other people's money, and without having labor other than our own. In this way we differ from other incorporated companies, for they borrow money and hire labor from anywhere they can get them."

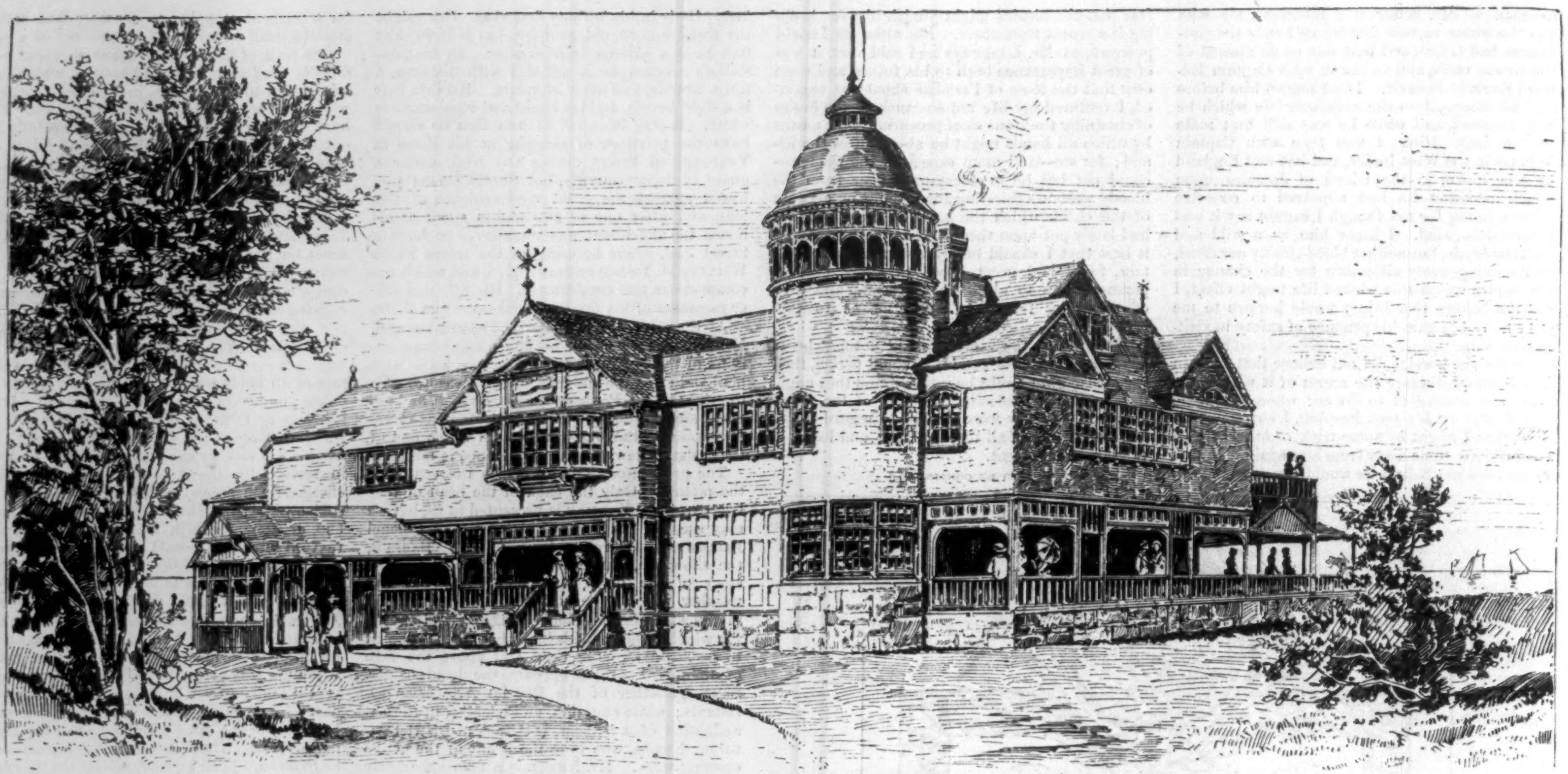
They contend that the reformers in the United States are all chasing, to the exclusion of every other consideration, some liquor law, some tariff legislation, some suffrage inequality, some land craze, some greenback idea, some ballot-box regulation, etc., etc., each riding to death his or her own little hobby-horse, all dealing with effects without consideration of the causes, and never for a moment stopping to consider that society must be dealt with as a whole and not as a part.

One trait of character peculiar to these colonists is the forethought and method which have been given to their plans, and to the details by which they are to be carried into execution. They have not only during several years carefully laid out their building sites, railroad, and farms, but even the designs for their houses, wharves, quays, shops, parks, etc., have been drawn and distributed, so that each member may assist to form the structures and improvements which are to follow. They have surveyed and laid out about 18,000 acres on the north shore of Topolobampo Bay into avenues, diagonals, streets, walks, parks, circles, quays, piers, drives, etc., the public areas occupying about forty per cent. of the whole. This city plan is unique, attractive, and thorough in every detail. The corporation hold the title and management forever of this building site, and in fact of all lands which are to be used by the colonists; and every member has the use of a building area or farm, or both, as long as he or she wishes to occupy the same, and no longer. The *lot uses* are sold by the company to its members in series: for the first 1500 lot uses $10 is charged; the second series of 500 lot uses are sold at $20; the third 500, at $40; the fourth 500, at $80; the fifth 500, at $160; and after that all lot uses are sold at $200. This assessment puts nearly $20,000,000 into their treasury, and this goes in part to improve and beautify the city, and in part to pay dividends upon the stock. A member can select any lot or lots, from 1 to 48 (the latter, 4.13 acres), in this entire area, and pay for it or them in the series at the time selling. Although this gives the fullest liberty to select, yet the tendency will be to keep the buildings compact; for when a person can get the lot next to a building for the same price as he can buy one removed from all improvements, the attraction will be to do so. Each member selects the design and cost of his or her house, within certain restrictions, but the company attends to all building, and to every detail of improvement of the thoroughfares and houses, and each colonist gets his or her home at cost, and has never a tax to pay. Tax, interest, and rent are, in fact, entirely abolished by these people, and they pay for their houses *by exchanging services*, not by payments in "money." They argue that "all wealth comes from labor acting intelligently with land and its deposits," and that it is services which one person wants from another, and not money. "Money," according to them, is simply the invention of the cunning few to prevent exchanges of wares or services unless the producer and consumer agree to give the broker a toll.

Having the plan of their city laid out before they occupy it, they know at once just where to put extra earth, or where to get earth from; they can move the refuse matter upon the park areas, and never fill up a hollow where they will one day want a cellar. If they want a small house for any immediate purpose, they know at once where to build it; and it is built permanently, and may remain isolated for many years, but it is really a part, a section, of a larger building which will in due time occupy the site. When a stone is laid at the shore for a pier, it is a part of a system of quays; and when a drain-pipe is put under the ground, or a brick tube built, it is a section of a perfected system which will meet the requirements of all the people whom it will be possible to gather at this place. The first house built upon a block decides the character of the architecture of that block. Any one who afterward elects to live on that block must have his or her house conform with the plan made for the block. In this way every block may differ in its architecture, but in no case can there be crowding. Every house will be substantial and inviting in appearance, and every appointment will be complete and thorough, each being a part of a general plan. As each block is finished, the streets, avenues, and the garden areas will be put in order, and all animals—horses, cows, chickens, dogs, and cats—will be forbidden within the vicinage of the improvements. Fires, dirt, confusion, will appear at the minimum under such regulations; and unsubstantial and ill-appearing houses, neglected fences, tumbling-down walls, and badly made and irregular gardens cannot possibly exist even temporarily. As it is with their dwellings, so it is with their factories, shops, hotels, theatres, lecture halls, dry-docks, sailors' homes, schools, etc. There is a place set aside forever for each, and when the time comes for their use they can be begun upon a small or an extensive plan, and there will be ample room and the proper place for the improvement. In this way every additional family to a city adds to its wealth and industries, and the more there are to co-operate in extending this plan, the more attractive everything can be made. All transportation in the thoroughfares will be on tramways moved by electricity, the lights will be electric, and so will be the power for factories, etc. The wheelways will be paved with asphaltum, so that roller-skates, bicycles, and tricycles can be used by the citizens for quick locomotion. The walks will be paved.

The sketch our artist gives shows the settlement on the north shore of the "Strait of Joshua," with the small sailing craft in the bay, as they appeared on the fourth day of April. It would be difficult to imagine a bay-side more picturesque or more convenient, and as safe for shipping of all classes. Strange as it may appear, yet Topolobampo has the only landing on the west coast of Mexico where a ship can go directly to a wharf and be unloaded. In all other ports lighters are used. From the stone pier seen in the sketch the colonists have their railroad to go due north for about four and a half miles, and then it makes a turn twenty-two degrees east, and runs without a break in line and scarcely one in grade, thirty-one miles, to Vegaton. From

[*Continued on page* 478.]

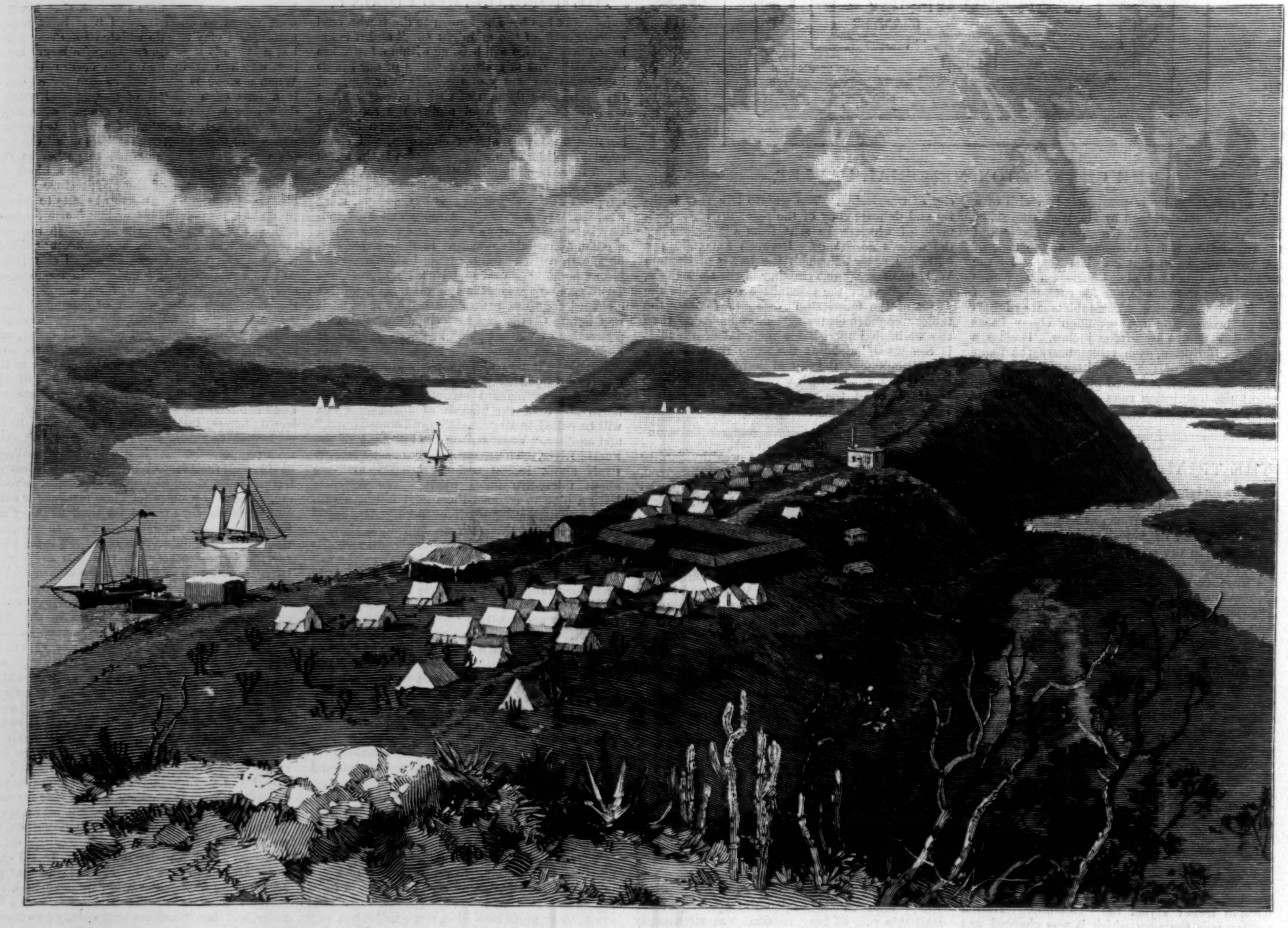


THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE OF THE AMERICAN YACHT CLUB, ON THE SOUND.

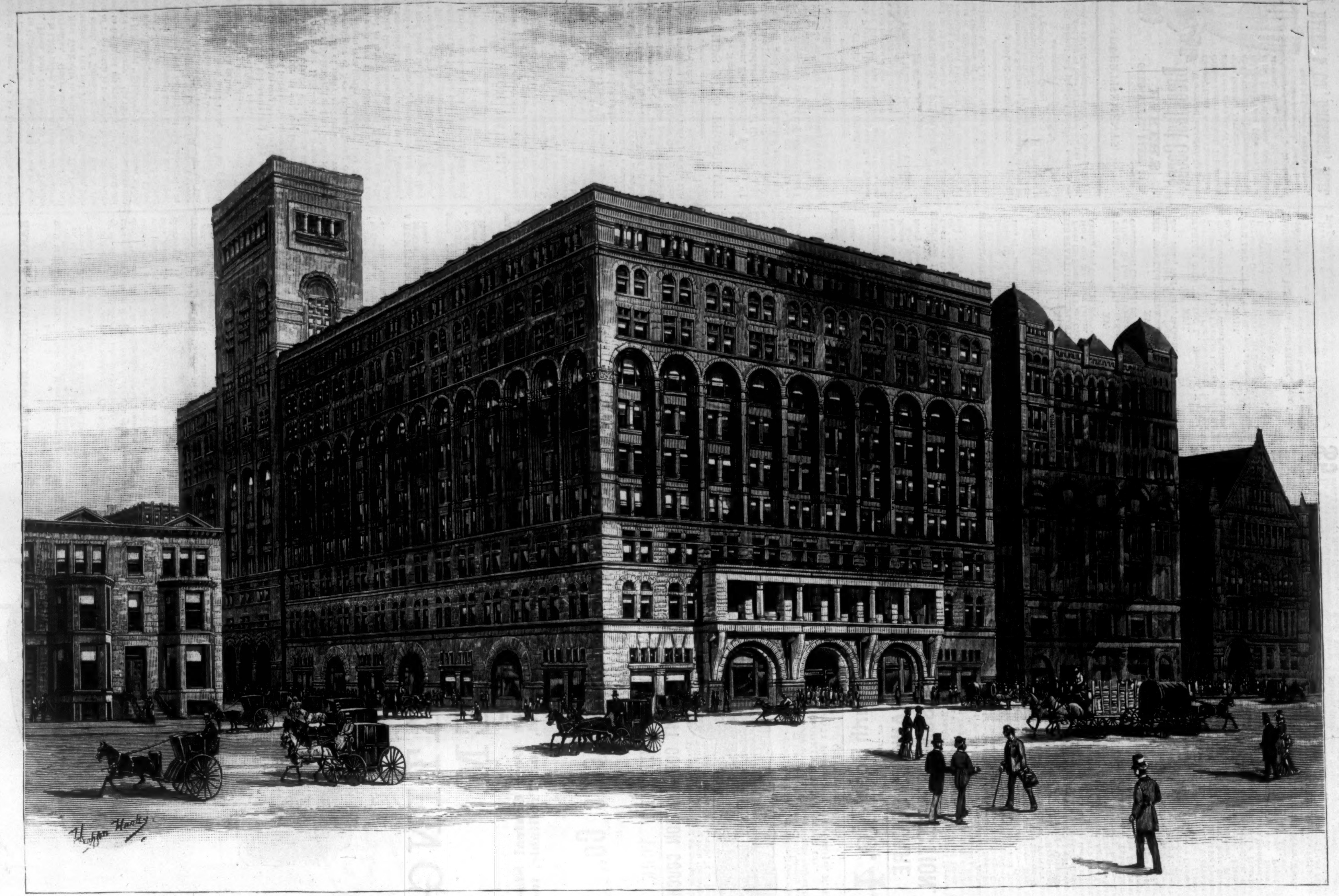
A NOTABLE YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

The American Yacht Club last spring secured a piece of land at Milton Point, Rye Neck, paying for it $25,000, and have erected thereupon a club-house, which will cost, when furnished, about $50,000, and will be the finest yacht club house in the United States. There is a fine anchorage at the back of the Scotch Caps for the yachts of the club, which are nearly all steamers, and the intention is to have the annual race over a twenty-five-mile triangle in front, as near as may be, of this house, and for the most part in view from its piazzas, and to send the yachts over this course three or four times, instead of, as in former years, giving them a straight-away course of ninety miles from off Larchmont to New London. For this purpose the piazzas are to be made very commodious, being two hundred feet in length and sixteen feet wide, and will, as occasion requires, be utilized for dinners, lunches, etc., for the use of members while enjoying the splendid view of the Sound. The house will be three stories in height, and will have all conveniences for cooking, a large dining-hall, billiard-room, library, model-room, reading-room, smoking-room, parlor, and bar-room. In the large entrance hall, fourteen feet wide, there will be an old-fashioned fire-place, capable of burning cord-wood without cutting. On the second floor, besides trunk-room, linen closets, ladies' toilet, gentlemen's lavatory, there are sixteen large sleeping-rooms for guests. The house is at present up in frame, and the work is progressing rapidly under the direction of the contractor, Mr. **William S. Wetmore**, of Portchester, New York. The grounds are being drained and graded. The whole work is under the superintendence of Captains **John P. Kennedy** and **George W. Hall**. The situation on which the house is built will offer, in connection with the Scotch Cap Rocks extending far out into the Sound, facilities for improvements in the future, which will be unequalled by any other location on the Sound for a yacht club. On the Scotch Caps it is proposed to spring bridges and erect pagodas for such members of the club as take pleasure in fishing, an immense catch of fish being daily made at this time. It is expected to be ready for occupancy in the early part of August. It has been built from the plans of E. A. **Sargent** & Co., architects.

The American is the only steam-yacht club in the United States, and has already enrolled most of the steam-yachts of the country. The possession of this fine club-house and anchorage will enable it to offer facilities to steam-yacht owners which will attract the whole of them. Many, of course, will still retain their membership in other yacht clubs, but their chief allegiance will almost, as a matter of course, be given to the American Yacht Club, where the steamer has the principal place, rather than to the old clubs, where the sailing craft has priority.



THE NEW PACIFIC COLONY, TOPOLOBAMPO, SINALOA, MEXICO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 475.]



THE AUDITORIUM BUILDING, NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 471.]

THE TOPOLOBAMPO COLONY.

(*Continued from page 475.*)

Vegaton the line goes to Fuerte City, whence across the Sierra Madre Mountains is about 1100 miles to Galveston, and some 2500 miles to New York. From San Francisco, by water, Topolobampo is 1326 miles, and from Guaymas, Sonora, it is 200 miles. Guaymas can be reached by rail from New York city in seven days. The Pacific mail-steamers run *viâ* Panama to Mazatlan, 200 miles south of Topolobampo. The hill to the right of the sketch is reserved for a commodious hotel to be fitted up specially for our Northern families of passage. On the terrace top, between "Hotel Hill" and "Engineer Knoll," upon which is seen the head-quarters of the company, there are twenty-four houses now building for dwelling purposes; on "Observation Hill," to the left of the stone pier, will be situated the hospital; in the cove just beyond will be the repairing docks for vessels; and massive stone walls will run the entire length of the front, shown in sketch, forming quays, and here and there will be garden areas shaded with palms.

All is industry with these people now. They are called to breakfast at six by a tune on the clarionet; and in the same way they are summoned to begin and to stop work, and to assemble for discussion, and to hear the news read. They have no newspaper as yet, and hence have to resort to a black-board which hangs at the entrance to Harbor Hall—a stone house 100 by 100 feet—at the landing, and to public readings. They have fish of many and excellent varieties, the red-snapper of New Orleans being conspicuous. Green sea-turtle weighing 100 to 150 pounds each are abundant, and their eggs are consumed in large quantities. During the winter months the colonists had all the eggs of the black sea-duck that they could eat. Peccaries, jack-rabbits, deer, snipe, partridges, are abundant; and from their gardens on the river they get cabbages, potatoes, radishes, lettuce, beans, etc. They are busy digging wells, widening their road between the harbor and the valley, clearing their farm, excavating for their railroad, and building houses.

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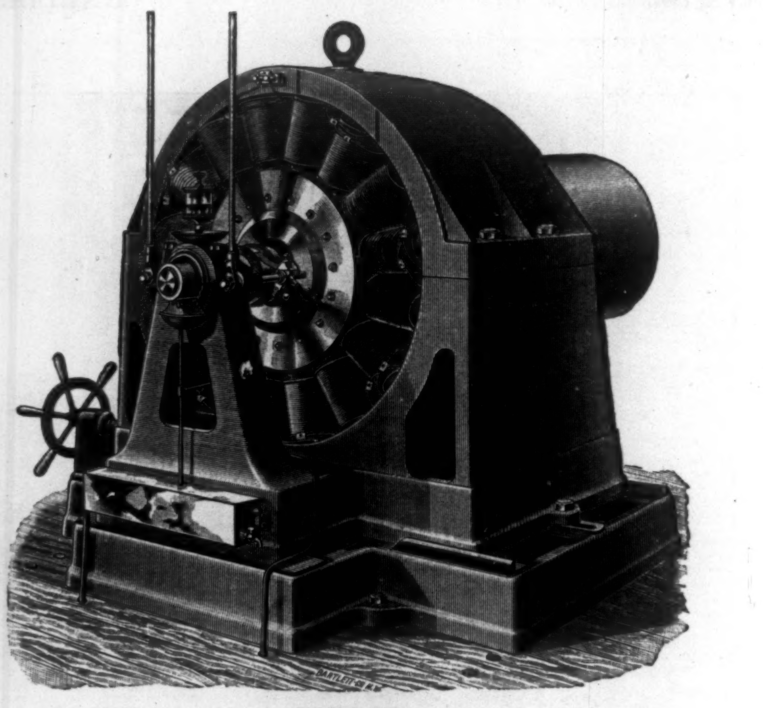

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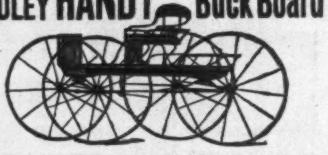

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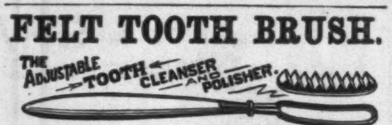
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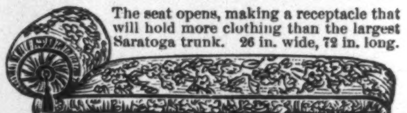

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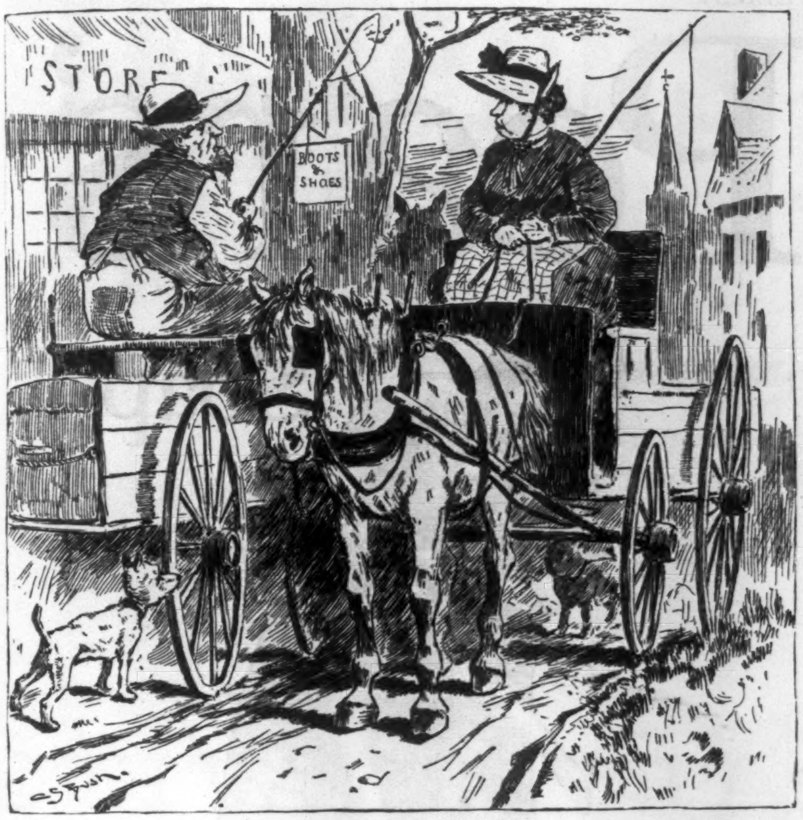

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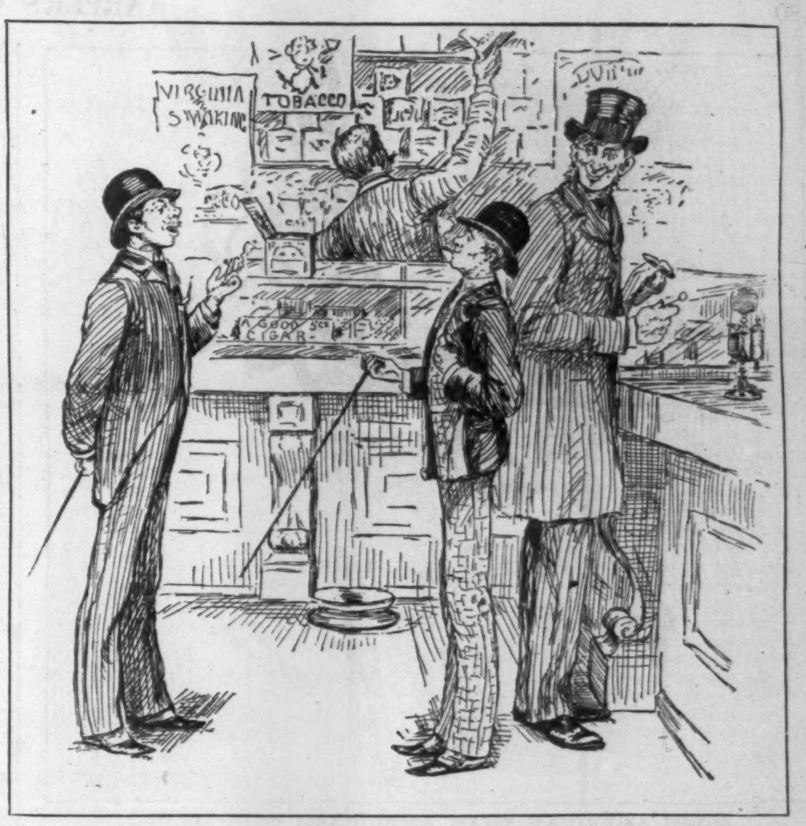

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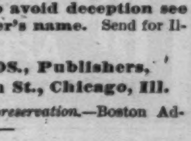
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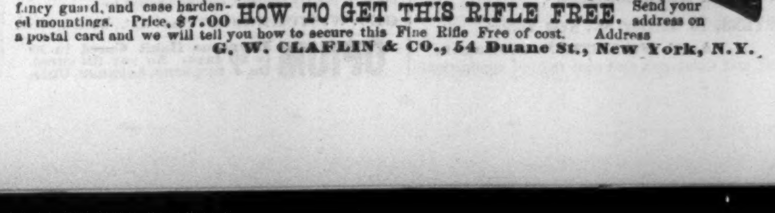
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